PANDORA,

A

Comedy.

LONDON,

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1664.

Roger L' Strange.

THE
Prologue.

Lovers to You I come, without a Bribe,
From one ỳ boasts himself of your own Tribe,
And therefore hopes, that your good Natures may
On his behalf, above your Judgements sway:
What you'le see here is naturall, all pretence
He disavowes, to Wit, or Eloquence:
With Friendship he presents you, and with love,
Such as are wont in his free breast to move,
Such passions as he feels, our Author writes,
And humours such, as he observes, indites:
From Conversation bringing to the Stage,
What he does think, will please the present Age.
And if you do not grudge your time here spent,
He will accept it for a Complement.

The Names of the Actors.

The Prince of *Syracusa.*
Theodocia his Daughter.
Pandora, a great Lady of the Prince his Family.
Lindamira, a Lady of Quality.
Lonzartes, Right Heire to the Principality.
Clearcus, a Lord of the Prince his Kindred.
Silvander, a Young Lord of the Court.
Aristonicus, *Clothero*, *Ormuseus.* } Three Councellours.
Teretia, *Philora.* } Ladies Attending the Princess.
Three more Attending Ladies. } For *Pandora.* And *Lindamira.*
Men-Dancers.
Women-Dancers
Sanga, and *Geta.* } Lacquies.
An *Old-Woman.*

PANDORA:

THE

Scene in *Syracutia.*

First Act.

Enter Lonzartes *and* Clearchus *in long Grey Cloakes over their Rich Cloaths, with* Sanga *and* Geta, *two Lacques carrying Lanthorns, the two Lords Enter a private House, the two Servants stay.*

San. COme *Geta*, our Lords have no more use of us, we may go sleep!

Geta. Tis a fair time indeed to sleep, when day begins to break? — this is a lew'd life, that our Lords do lead.

San. Why man? the Night was made for labourers to rest; and for great Lords to Revel in, come away.

Geta My Lord, is not half so ill as thine.

Sanga. Whats that to thee, or me, come away; we'l go to Beggars Hall, and be as merry as our Lords.

Geta. No, no, I will no more fully my credit, in thy company; I converse with our tall Dary-Maid, who affords me Honours, thou canst not guess at *Sanga!* Oh the great Felicities! that do belong to chaste imbraces?

San. I like Imbraces well.

Geta I mean by Wed-lock man.

San A Cox-comb thou art, and a Cuckold thou wilt be; adiew Fool.

Geta. Adiew Rogue.

Exeunt severally.

A noyse within, Re-enter Clearcus, *and* Lonzartes. *in the Dark.*

Clearcus. Botts on thy slippery heeles; we are undone!

Lonzartes. Let us draw, and stand upon guard, I hear some call within!

Cle. What was that strange noyse, you made?

Lon. At the bottom of the stairs, I fell, which gave the Alarum to the doggs, and they wak'd all the Family!

Enter Old Woman.

Woman Oh my Lord! what have you done? all the House are up, pray stand close a while, — are you alone?

Cle. Yes, yes. *Exeunt Old Woman. Lon.*

Lonzartes. Thou art a very Villain *Clearcus*, thus to betray a poor Wench, that loves thee; and to force me accept a Favour, I abhor to think on.

Cle. Be the blame mine, I have no joy in any thing, unless my Friend Participate; — if I have any skill in Woman; you will thank me for this favour, and say, you never had the like of *Angelica*.

Lon. Suppose she will not consent? must I ravish her? — you say she knows not of my coming

Cle. I swear she does not.

Lon. Would I were out again, these Romances please not me; — pray how must I proceed?

Cle. Thus, she is in Bed, the Room is dark, I'le entertain her with discourse, while you undress; then I'le retyre, and soon return with Light, to let her see my friend and I, must be as one man to her.

Lon. I wonder all women do not hate thee, thou dost abuse all them that trust thee.

Cle. You are deceiv'd *Lonzartes*, such silly girles, do take it for a complement, to recommend them to a Noble Friend!

Lon. Well, I must now be subject to thy will, and do submit to do, what I detest! — me thinks this is a kind of Rape I undertake; — thou art too wild for my Converse *Clearcus*.

Clear. Hold your peace.

Enter Old Woman.

Woman. Hist, hist, my Lord!

Cle. Here, here.

Wom. Give me your hand, softly, softly, follow me. {Exeunt *Woman leading them off, holding hands.*

{*Enter the Old Prince of* Syracusa, *with* Silvander, Aristonicus, Clothero, Ormuseus, *and Train.*}

Prince How does *Lonzartes* bear his Suppression *Aristonicus*? now he is full-man grown.

Ari. Like a wise man Sir, that will not seem to see, what he cannot remedy

Pri. I have better thoughts for him, then he has for himself; if *Clearcus* spoyle him not!

Ari. When more years have overcome some evils, incident to youth, I hope he will be worthy your highest favours Sir.

Pri Some of you should advise him to a little more sobriety, then *Clearcus* will allow of; — I apprehend *Silvander*, that the *Corinthian* will quarrel, for my refusing to treat his Marriage with *Theodosia*, whom I design another way; — — she has aversion to him.

Sil. The Princes may be excus'd for her dislike, unto so fierce a man, the *Corinthian* Prince, is all fire, and fury, which does fright, not win affection.

Pr. If *Theodosia* will be advised by me, I shall provide better for her; — you know *Lonzartes* right *Silvander*! if he were reclaim'd, I would wish him to my Daughter.

Sil. I have some thoughts Sir, that *Lonzartes* does Consort with wild *Clearcus*, and complies in all his Vanities, onely to avoid your Jealousie, of his

his higher thoughts of intereſt in the State! he is no fool Sir.

Pr. I wiſh it prove not too much his Nature, to be ſo debauch'd, for he has not higher thoughts of State intereſt, then I have for him; he has been wrong'd *Silvander*, and I will endeavour to do him right if he'l be worthy of it. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *in a Garden.*

Cle. Why, this grave face to me *Lonzartes?*

Lon. Thou art ſo wild, that I have loſt my credit by converſing with thee, which I muſt redeem, by keeping better company hereafter.

Cle. Wiſely reſolved, and in good time declared; — I have indeed obſerv'd, that you of late converſe with Ladies, and delight in rich lac'd Sattin, and in ſilver Petticoates; as if you meant to turn Apoſtate, from the freedom we have had, and now ſeek your game in ſecret, my *Lonzartes.*

Lon. If I ſhould, pray which is moſt Honourable? And moſt ſutable to my Quality? The dayly terrour of getting ſuch diſeaſes, as inhabit your dark houſes, has frighted me into better purpoſes.

Cle. Your Quality! I wiſh your Prince ſhip had all the Ladies you deſire, ſo I might have like freedom with their Maids.

Lon. I ſhall not ſpoyle your Market, but leave you thoſe cheap Cattel, at your own price.

Cle. See the difference now, between your Pride, and my Humility; you have ſtudied, learn'd diſcourſes to ſuch as muſt juſtifie your converſion (as you call it) but have never weighed the difference of our crimes; — ſuch thoughts *Lonzartes*, do move, my tender Conſcience, to take what I

can find, for ready money; which I freely enjoy, without those frights you daily feel.

Lon. Thou dost mistake me, and exclaimest against crimes, I never understood.

Cle. You can counterfeit I know, and may cozen all the World but me! I will not give my freedom up, to such follies as you serve, to be Master of all your wishes.

Lon. I shall not labour to convert you, but will take leave to dispise your mean waies, while you envy mine.

Cle. Envy! by *Violina* eyes, I do dispise you, and your wayes, and will wager any thing you dare, that I enjoy this night a beauty more exact, then any cloath-of-Gold-Dame you treat with, I envy you! no, I pitty you *Lonzartes*, that after such experience, at your years, you should be fool'd so; —— confess now seriously. if you have ever met a better shape, a softer, or a whiter skin, or any more sweet, or more bewitching fair, and lovely, then my *Angelica*.

Lon. If I have not! what then?

Cle. Why? she shall be Fine, and rich araid, when I so please! I can call her *Sultaness* too! and by my fancy, raise her above those, the World allows of.

Lon. I do believe thee, and thy fancy, alike Extravagant.

Cle But why so serious on the suddain? and so dull? you shall have good Chear, and good Company to night, at the old place.

Lon I shall get an ill Conscience by it!

Cle. That sauce, agrees not with the Dainties

we

we must feed on, pray lay by your Conscience, untill morning.

Lon. I wish I were well rid of thee, all thy *Rhetrick*, shall never ingage me, to meet such company again.

Cle. Why pray, how can you spend your time better?

Lon. I do begin to hate my self, and will love thee no longer.

Cle. Very good; —— Are not you the most debauch'd man in *Syracusa*? (except my self!) how come you by this Impudence? to blush for going to a merry meeting? Is not your own Lodging, beyond a Scandal? are not all the Wenches in that Street, your Pentioners? —— not love me! I will study to scorn you, and your love for ever; I dispise a man that does forsake his Principles.

Lon. I begin to hate thy over-much lewdness, and to see my own Deformities.

Cle. Not love me!

Lon. Come, I do love thee, too well I love thee, shall we go home, and put off this meeting?

Cle. Lonzartes, though I do love your Friendship, I do hate this Humour in you, that thus would lay a blemish on me.

Enter to them Lindamira *and* Teretia, *not at first seen.*

Ter. See *Lindamira*, the two wild Princes are in our way, how shall we get by 'um?

Lin. Put on a confidence beyond theirs, and 'twill amaze them! B 4 *Ter.*

Ter. Can that be ?

Lin. I'le be your Forlorne Hope, do but second me, and I'le secure your pass this time; — You'l see them start, shoot aside, as from a *Bazaliske!* the honest woman!

Ter. Barbarous! — I have heard indeed, they shun all virtuous women!

Lin. They alwaies look over us, as if they saw us not; but where they have an interest, or hope to gain it, they can like subtil Serpents, humbly creep, to flatter and betray.

He now sees the Ladies.

Cle. A prize, a prize *Lonzartes*, each of us one; let us reconcile for this booty, and dispute at leasure; — yon close walk invites; — which will you assault?

Lon. Neither, they are both virtuous?

Cle. Who knows that? have they done sucking?

Lin Dost thou think there be none virtuous, beyond their infancy!

Cle. Yes, much too many, but I hope better of these; give me the woman, and keep her virtue to your self: — I'le charge 'um both, there may be a Critical minute for me; — fair Ladies.

Lin. Hold my Lord, you are out at first, one of us is very brown I assure you.

Cle. You do not think your self so, or if you do, you think brown the best Madam.

Lin I do indeed, think my beauty such, as may prejudice your Lordship, if you dwell on it; which gave me boldness, to interrupt your set Speech; least you engage past retreating; — our business is to find the Princess.

Cle.

Cle. And ours, to entertain thoſe, who have nothing elſe to do.

Lin. How would you entertain us my Lord?

Cle. As young Gallants, uſe to treat fair Ladies; with love, and our beſt ſervice.

Lin. I have no imployment for ſo great a Servant as your Lordſhip, and for love, I underſtand it not.

Cle That you may do is my ambition.

Lin. Nay, if you be come to ambition already! Iguels your love will grow to ſuch a Monſter, in a moment, that I dread the thought on't.

Cle. You cut me off ſo ſhort, you cannot apprehend, what I would ſay.

Lin. Therefore I do it, becauſe I do not care to hear.

Cle. What have I done Madam, to merrit this neglect from you?

Lin. In the behalf of all our ſex, I am the choſen Champion, againſt all men, who do believe, all Women do admire 'um.

Cle. When ſhall I have leave to ſpeak? that I may inform you better.

Lin. When I have done.

Cle. When will that be?

Lin. When I am gone.

Cle. How can you be inform'd in abſence?

Lin. As much as I deſire to know, I know already; — my good wiſhes ſhall attend your Lordſhip; — come *Teretia*; we may finde the Princeſs in the other walks.

Exeunt.

Lon. Now Sir, how do you like this Ladies mettle?

Cle. Why well, I like her, and her humour very well.

Lon. You thought her a sure prize.

Cle. I did but hope so at the first, now I am sure of her, she is my own, if ever we do meet alone;—by this severity, she has cozen'd *Teretia*, and you, and confirm'd me.

Lon. I must laugh, to think how thou art mistaken, in this innocent freedom virtuous women use, and would give a good summe, to see thee but converse a moneth or two, with persons of Honour, which I believe would reclaim thee, and fix those virtues, now lost in a *Chaos* of wild actions.

Cle. I marry, if you could shew me a woman, that would not be won; I would fancy some delight, to pass away an hour or two, at idle times; but all that I do meet with, are mine, before I wish it; so that I am alwayes forc'd to stand upon my guard amongst 'um.

Lon. That's no wonder, amongst those women you converse with;—shall I chuse you a mistris? and if you get her! let the reproach be mine.

Cle. Shall she be worth my pains? if so! I will think on't, when I have time to throw away;—come will you go with me yet?

Lon. I'le stay here a while.

Cle. I'le go before then, and make ready for you.

Exit.

Lon.

Lon What pitty tis, such parts should be so drown'd! —

Though I resolve to quit, I me guilty still
If longer I do countenance his ill.

{*Enter to him, as in the Garden,* Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander.}

Theodocia. Lonzartes I have been laughing at *Lindamira's* relation of *Clearcus* humour; she says, she has abus'd him his own way, in the behalf of all honest women, whom he declares against.

Lon. The encounter indeed was pleasant, but the successe is beyond her guess! for she thinks, that her neglects, have dash'd his hopes, by which he is grown confident, that her seeming scornes, were onely to dazle our eyes, while he doubts not to gain an interest.

Lin. I wish him joy my Lord, of his quick Victory, the next encounter, will decide this difference of Opinions.

Pan. But how dare you *Lindamira*, enter the lists of wit? with young *Clearcus*, who has the sharpest tongue in *Syracusa*.

Lin There is no contest so easie, his whole discourse to women, is ever of love, or something like it! and does believe that all our souls, delight in nothing else, which makes me interrupt him still as he begins, and never hear him out.

Sil. Is that civil, to a person, of his Quality?

The. Is he not angry, when you slight him so?

Lin. No Madam, I am his mirth, and he is mine.

Lon.

Lon. If *Pandora* would permit! I do fancy his converſion might be wrought by her, and his Eclips'd virtues, made to ſhine brighter then his vices do.

Sil. 'Twill be a noble undertaking Madam.

Lin. I wiſh he were with'n my cure.

Pan. We'l joyne our forces *Lindamira*, for I ſhall eaſily conſent unto ſo good a work, as may reclaim ſo great a perſon as *Clearcus*; a man ſo near alied unto the Duke! — but how muſt this Charitable work be done?

Lon. If you Madam, will admit his viſits? for a Moneth or two, the cure of courſe will follow; for he who never yet convers'd with civil woman, will ſurely be conceru'd, when he ſhall ſee the harmleſs mirth, that virtue does allow, to perſons of your Quality!

Pan. So, I be ob'liged no further then to civil viſits, his birth does require that for him, which I deny to no man.

Lin. Leave the reſt to me.

The. How happy are you Couſin, that may diſpoſe of your ſelf as you pleaſe! I muſt ſpeak, and look, and move, as my Father, and the State directs me.

Pan. Great Princes indeed, are bound to ſome ſtrict Rules, moſt Subjects underſtand not?

Lin. Your Highneſs complains without a cauſe, we hear the Duke will leave you to your own choiſe, only he will recommend.

The. When Parents recommend, tis ſo like command, it frights me to think whom it may be.

Pan.

Pan. Now you are safe from the *Corinthian*, have no fear untill you see occasion for it.

The I wish my dear Cousin, you would marry too, I should then like it better I now dread to put on that yoak, by all the World so much desired?

Pan. Will my being in the pound, get your Highness out off it? why would you have me run the hazzard, to loose that happiness I now am sure of? by a single life: — If men did ever appear in their own likeness! we might chuse some one, amongst many, worth the having, but in our sights, they are always disguis'd in such shapes, and humours, as they believe we like best, and so cozen us, and themselves too; for if they make us unhappy, it seldome fails, but we make them so.

Lin. No Oracle ever spoke truer; I am of your Sect Madam, (as to matters of Faith!) yet I would gladly have a Husband, though it be dangerous to put my heart into anothers keeping (And as my learn'd Author saves,) to give my freedom up, unto I know not whom! (nor ever can do, till I have him) — this were a sadd condition Madam, if we had not the same Arts to cozen them, that think to cozen us.

The. Would I could get a merry heart, like yours *Lindamira*.

Lin I'le present your Highness with a piece of mine, I have enough for both.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. Madam, The Prince calls for you;

The. I attend him, pray Cousin go with me to my Father.

Exeunt Ladies.

Lon. A few such Excellent women would make this World a Paradice! — how have I walk'd in the dark, till now? how strangely been misled, by my affection to *Clearcus*? that have approv'd, and acted in all his ills; begun upon design, and led on, till custome has almost chang'd my nature, but will no more.

Enter Clearcus *to him.*

Cle. How now *Lonzartes*? walking alone? take heed the Devil find thee not at leasure.

Lon. A greater then thy self, can hardly find me.

Cle. Very gravely replyed, if I mistake not, you are whimpering after some great Lady, and now practizing to play the fool wisely, to spend your time, adoring you know not who, nor why.

Lon. Thou art still ith' wrong.

Cle. Let us meet then, at the old place to night.

Lon. That's a freedom, I shall never take more, you have converted me, beyond all the Homilies I ever read, you have made me ashamed of my self for being so long like you.

Cle. Oh Hypocrite! what new piece have you got?

got? that I must not be trusted with; come tell me, and I'le cry up your Austere purpose, and rail at your conversion, as if I did believe it.

Lon. When you see me next in ill company, I am then that Hypocrite you mention.

Cle. Out upon these tender Consciences, they spoyle more mirth, then they are worth; let old folks hear Homilies, while we enjoy the time we have, and not whine away our youth, on dreams of virtue, which signifie we know not what.

Lon. Peace *Clearcus*, thou art not half so ill as thou appearest; but dost glory in talking worse, then thou canst be.

Cle. What should we talk of more then what we most delight in?

Lon. Of nothing less, because we often do delight in what we ought not own; —— Is't not enough to offend the Gods through frailty, which perverse nature does invite us to; but we must provoke Heaven, beyond sence, and appetite, by our discourse, as if we studied to defie those Powers, we ought to tremble at.

Cle. I hate Hypocrisie.

Lon. And I abhor to aggravate my crimes, by such unnecessary boastings, as thy wild brain delights in; when I offend I am sorry for it, dost thou all honesty dispise, all virtue slight?

Cle. How I *onzartes*, will you confine honesty, and virtue, to the fruition of one woman only? Fie, what a scandal is this to man-kind, as if there were no honesty, nor virtue but in such chast breasts as yours? what an affront to this good company, pray speak Gentlemen, is any here of

of his opinion? can you *Lonzartes* shew me one young man, that looks as he were guilty? or any so old, who would be thought so weak? — Is this a fit design, to set up your Title to the Dukedom?

Lon. I see this is not the hour for your Conversion.

Cle. Nor shall ever live to see that hour, I hope.

Lon. Nor you I fear, ever live to taste, and relish the true felicity obtain'd, by such a conquest on thy self; but I will pray for thee, and thy conversion.

Cle. I had rather your Lordship were at *Jerusalem*, then see that day of my conversion; what have I done *Lonzartes?* to deserve such ill from you, do not provoke me to a revenge.

Lon. Revenge, for what?

Cle. Can you aske for what? suppose the gods should hear your prayers, and turn my heart, how miserable a man were I, how should I spend my time, for forty years to come; Is it not enough to forsake your cause, but you must seduce me too? *Lonzartes*, if you pray for me, I shall curse you heartily; I dare stay no longer with him.

Exit Clearcus.

Lon. *If this brave man this humour could expell,*
His virtues would his vices far excell.

I have put on this Cloak of wantonness onely to avoid being thought a serious man, least the Duke grow jealous of my pretentions to his Crown; — while the Duke is civil and I am safe; — he shall be so too? — But if I finde

defignes

deſignes againſt me; I have Friends, and force enough, to gain my right by this; — Oh but *Thedocia* does unman me quite; — when I look on her, all theſe high thoughts do vaniſh, and I become the humbleſt creature in the Court: —

I have no Title, that I ere ſhall owne,
Unleſs ſhe daine to raiſe me to the Throne.

The Second Act.

Enter Lonzartes *alone*, Clearcus *hearkning at the Door.*

Lon. OH *Cloris, Cloris!* what ſtange unwonted pains I feel? what fears? what new diſeaſe conceales my blood? — if it be love, twill not offend the gods, becauſe my ſoul does now rejoyce to find, Beauty and Virtue ſo divine, that both may be well worſhipp'd at one Shrine.

Clearcus *chaps him hard on the Shoulder.*

Cle. Are you talking in your ſleep *Lonzartes*? or is it ſome divine meditation, thus tranſports you?

Lon. You are too rude *Clearcus.*

Cle. I cry you mercy Sir, you can be angry then I ſee; I thought your converſion, had ſet you above ſuch paſſions, as we wicked men are ſubject too.

Lon. I do confeſs thou didſt make me ſtart, and ſpeak haſtily, but I am not angry, nor can be with thee. *Imbraces him.*

Cle. I'le try your temper preſently, — Oh! Beauty and Virtue ſo Divine, both may be worſhipped in one ſhrine; Ha, ha, ha.

Lon.

Lon. What of this, you heard me repeat an old Song.

Cle. An old Song to a new Tune *Lonzartes:* doſt thou pray for my Converſion this way? muſt I get a *Cloris* to ſigh after? —— as thou doſt; —— I have heard all, and have obſerv'd thee too, I and do gueſs who *Cloris* is, —— come, tell me quickly, that way to oblige me to ſilence; for if by my own skill, I do diſcover her, I'le lay thee open to the World, tell me who *Cloris* is, leaſt I tell thee; Adiew. *Exit.*

Lon. How can he diſcovee that I love, when I know it not yet my ſelf? —— Yet I may admire her, and by my adoration of her virtues. ——

Be by them, from all meaner paſſions freed,
When this new virtue, ſhall my vice exceed. Exit.

Enter Geta.

Geta. What the Devil ailes my Lord? his wonted mirth is changed into *hey boes*, and twenty times a day, he ſends me on ſleeveleſs Errants, that he may be alone; I think Lord *Clearcus* will prove the wiſeſt man at laſt; —— I have been five times this morning to enquire, if the Princeſs be in health! if ſhe be ſtirring, or if near ready! if ſhe go to the Temple! —— And after dinner I muſt enquire, if ſhe have dyned! if ſhe comes forth in publick! if ſhe ride abroad; and thus twenty times a day, he tires me, with theſe ſilly Errants, when I might aske them all at once, and ſave much labour; I'le try if I can find ſome way to contract theſe Embaſſies; —— tis well for my Lord, that his man is wiſer then himſelf. *Exit.*

Enter Silvander *with* Lindamira, *and her Maid.*

Sil. Do not my looks *Lindamira* enough expreſs what I would ſay?

Lin. Yes, to me, who do diſcern your paſſion thus ſuppreſſed, more clear, then by thoſe loud noyſes, which ſome Lovers moſt delight in.

Sil. But how ſhall I be aſſured, this is not Raliery?

Lin. Cannot you judge by my looks, as well as I by yours? what kind of ſecurity do you require? I have no Citizens that will be bound for my good behaviour!

Sil. A ſerious word or two, with a kind look confirm'd, will ſecure me againſt the World.

Lin Will this look ſerve? and I am yours, ſuffice for words? with this hand given from my heart! ingage beyond your wiſh.

Sil. It does, may I be——

Lin. Nay, no ſtrange lines I beſeech you, make me not jealous by profeſſing more then I expect.

Sil. I am confirmed.

He Kiſſes her hand.

Lin I ſhall try your temper, if my merry humour hold!

Sil. 'Tis that free Innocence, I moſt adore.

Lin. And that I can afford enough off, at an eaſie rate.

Enter

{ *Enter* Clearcus *to them,* }
{ Silvander *goes off.* }

Lin. Your Lordſhip was going another way, pray let not me divert you, my lodging is far off.

Cle. Madam, I have long ſought an opportunity to kiſs your hands there.

Lin. You may do it here, and ſave the labour of going ſo far for nothing.

Cle. Do you call that honour nothing, which I do prize above the World? and would give all my intereſt on Earth, to purchaſe one kiſs of your fair hand, by a free conſent.

Lin The World is little beholding to your Lordſhip, for ſo low a value, that will give all your intereſt on Earth, for a kiſs of my hand, and this I muſt in civility, look, as if I did believe.

Cle. I'le ſwear it Madam.

Lin Thats as eaſily done, as ſaid, but I am hard of Faith.

Cle. How ſhall I obtain more credit?

Lin. I'le ſhew you a ſhort way; bring me a conveyance of half your Land, and you ſhall have two kiſſes of my hand, three if you pleaſe; and as you like your Market, you may have more, for the other half of your Eſtate! and this is much cheaper then to give all the World for ſuch an honour.

Cle. Why do you mock me? who truly love, and honour you above all women! by thoſe fair eyes I do.

Lin. How can I believe it? when I know you talk thus to every woman that you meet.

Cle. May my hopes nere prosper, if you are not the only object of my heart.

Lin. No touching good my Lord, my Affairs calls me away, I must be gone.

He proffers to kiss her hand.

Cle. And I must wait on you home Madam.

Lin. Ile rather stay here this Twelve-month, then give your Lordship that trouble.

Cle. Am I such a Monster, in the opinion of all Women, as you make me?

Lin. I must take care you make not me one;— Oh happy deliverance!

Enter to them, Theodocia, *and* Pandora, *and* Silvander.

Cle. This is such a piece of nicety, as I nere met before; —— these are no company for me.

Exit.

The. Stay *Clearcus*, I would speak with you;— my Cousin *Pandora* tells me, you Court *Lindamira*, which her self does not much deny.

Cle. I am practizing I must confess, how to talk to Ladies, and have learnt some Speeches to that purpose, whereof *Lindamira* has had her share.

The. You have mocked her then! and intend her onely for your mirth!

He makes a legg.

Lin. Methinks his silence, and that legg, shewes more love to me, then I know what to do with.

Sil.

Sil. Excellent Girle! how she playes with his wanton humour! *Aside.*

Enter to them Lonzartes.

Cle. Nay, if *Lonzartes* fall on me too? I shall be over-whelmed with wisdome.

Lon. Now there is some hope of him, his look is Civillized already.

Pan. Are you not pleased *Clearcus?* to see the whole Court concerned for you? to see your self so valued, methinks it should stir up the Noble Blood of your great Ancestors, to set you on to such actions, as may out-shine their stories, and not loose one day more, in your wild waies.

Cle. Madam, Your Language, and your Looks, agree with your great soul; I can be proud to be so taught, when the Princess *Theodocia*, and you direct, twere great stupidity to shew neglect; —— but in my Opinion Madam, one of a Family is enough to be a Saint; —— twould take from great *Lonzartes* credit, and render his conversion no rarity; if I should become virtuous too.

The. Pandora, and I, are much obliged to you, for your good opinion of us, I wish all our Sex were so too.

Cle. My opinion and my practise, differ very much Madam; I do honour virtue in your Sex, as much as any man; but my Tallent lies the other way, *Lonzartes* does enough Illustrate the *Platonnick* Name, and Eminently maintain, that high *Seraffick* flame, which is above my reach.

Lon. Tell me now *Clearcus*, is there not more

reliſh in this Converſation? then with your *Getinas*, and your *Angelinas*! —— that bluſh ſhewes well, there is ſome hopes of grace in that bluſh

Cle. Hold your pratling, my converſion does not belong to you.

Lon. I hope I may direct you to a Lady, that will work that wonder.

Cle. Hold your peace then, till we be alone.

The. We'l be gone *Pandora*, and not hinder ſo good a work; —— you ſhall neither of you go with us, —— but if you pleaſe *Clearcus*, *Lindamira* may walk with you a little longer.

Cle. No Madam, I have enough of her already, ſhe out-wits me; we ſhall nere agree.

Lin. I have got credit enough for a young Souldier, by my honourable Retreat, from ſo hot a charge.

{*Exeunt* Silvander, *and* Ladies.

Lon Let us now perſue our Argument, for thy Converſion.

Cle. It comes on a pace; —— what a fine Gentleman are you grown, ſince the Spirit of Chaſtity has poſſeſt you? and I muſt live chaſt, that I may have the Honour, and Felicity to be in love! —— to be a fool! to intangle my ſelf in netts, that I ſhall nere get out of! I'le none of it.

Lon. Let my old Friend-ſhip ſo far prevail, that on my requeſt you will ſometimes converſe with *Pandora*, if thy viſits do ingage her to undertake thy cure! and ſhe do work that Miracle! ſhe muſt value what her ſelf has made worthy of her ſelf;

self; for so wilt thou be, if thy wandring fancy, were once fixt?

Cle. So then all this busle, is to make me in love; though you know, I have been a thousand times in love already.

Lon. I *Clearcus*, I know thy thousands, but I would have thee once in love.

Cle. I never will be mad, as you are; yet to give you, and the World satisfaction in this point; I will condemn my self to one Months pennance, and make experiment to look, and talk as idlely with *Pandora*, as you do with your Divineſt *Cloris*! —If I were sure *Pandora* were not to be won; I could fancy a pretty kind of pastime, by raising my desires to hopes of what I cannot have! but I could never meet a woman yet, that was impregnable; and my nature is not capable of being converted, by any that I can conquer; — Pray Sup at my Chamber this night.

Lon. I will not fayle, if you will go with me unto *Pandora*? —

And visit her, while this good motion's warm,
'Gainst all your feares, I'le fit you with a charm.

Cle. I go.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Pandora *with* Lindamira *and* Ladies *in her Chamber, and* Silvander.

Pan. Lindamira you must be my second, they will be two, to one else.

Lin. Gladly Madam, I cannot wish a gentler Enemy, then him that thinks he has me at his mercy.

Pan. But if you be over-sharp upon him, you may hinder the great work, we undertake! and make him hate all honest Women for our sakes.

Lin. I shall use him with more Art, and lead him on with hopes, that all our Sex do scramble for him; — if I can fit his Fancy, and his Wit, I'le ingage him in a concern for you, and then mannage my young Gallant to my will, till I confute his common places, so often urged to the prejudice of Ladies, I cannot fancy better sport, then to see him mad in love with you Madam.

Pan. The gods forbid, I would not cure him at that rate, for my own sake, and his; least that prove a greater evil, then he now has; I shall be very careful, to give him no incouragement, for thoughts of that nature, my undertaking is not beyond a common civillity, as to all others of his Rank.

Lin. That will do it, if I mistake not; — and catch you both I hope, — here he comes?

Enter

Enter Lonzartes, *and* Clearcus.

Lon. Madam, I have brought my Friend to kiſs your hand.

Cle. Thus far Madam, in order to my ingagement, I have given you the trouble of the firſt viſit, I ever made againſt my will.

Pan. Your Lordſhip, does me honour; came you now from Court?

Cle. Yes Madam, and left the Princeſs *Theodocia* in great complements with her kind Father, who has now declared againſt the proud *Corinthian*, and given *Theodocia* her free choice where ſhe pleaſe.

Pan. You tell me News, beyond my hopes, this will raiſe the Princeſs drooping Spirits again; I wonder ſhe is not here by this time.

Lon. The Duke and ſhe, are not yet parted Madam; — how now *Lindamira*, are you tongue-tyed? no welcome for my Friend, to encourage him to like of civil company; — You look as if you feared to looſe your Gallant.

Cle. No, no, ſhe knows ſhe has too faſt hold of my heart, to part ſo eaſily.

Lin. Tis Honour enough for me, to be in the number of your Martyrs Sir.

She Sighes.

Pan. How long have you two been acquainted?

Lin. Ever ſince laſt night Madam.

She Sighes.

Pan. And doſt thou ſigh already?

Lin.

Lin. 'Tis onely to give you warning, by my harmes.

Pan. I thank your care, but I am arm'd againſt the World.

Cle. That's good News *Lonzartes*, there is ſome hope, ſhe has made firm reſolves againſt Wedlock; that I may aſſault her with ſecurity. —

Aſide.

Lon. You may, you may.

Cle Madam, You ſpeak, as if you held mankind at a defiance.

Pan. By way of Marriage, I do, but I can value all men that I ſee worthy.

Cle. He muſt be a bold man, who does deſigne beyond the favours you allow, but have you made vowes againſt marriage Madam?

Pan. No vowes, but ſuch reſolves, as are unchangable.

Lon. You are ſevere to men.

Lin. If all Women were of your opinion Madam? how ſhould the World be Peopled?

Cle. I marry Madam, that was well urg'd.

Pan. I thought I *indamira* you would have been on my ſide

Lin. So I am, when you are in the right, this is our common cauſe; Suppoſe you bring theſe two Lords, and they bring twenty more, to be of your judgement, and this Hereſie ſhould ſpread, what will become of us, who think of nothing elſe but Marriage?

Lon. She tells you true Madam, when her own concern is at ſtake, you may excuſe her.

Pan. I do, and will make good my argument alone. *Cle.*

Cle. Never to Marry Madam?

Pan. Never my Lord, is my full resolve.

Cle. You are the happiest, and the wisest Lady living! and I the joyfullest man, if you'l permit me to adore you at this distance, for I am of your own opinion Madam.

Lin. Two Fannaticks well met.

Pan So long as your respects be free from love, my house is open to you.

Cle. You are all witnesses, that this Lady does adopt me her avow'd Gallant, on the conditions before mentioned: — you give me leave Madam to talk of love, and to carry up this jest, as high, as he who really does love.

Pan I do, so it be ever in Publick; all private visits, and all whisperings are excepted.

Cle. 'Tis enough Madam; — This is a pretty kind of Entertainment, I never thought of: *Lonzartes* thou art in the right, this will be sport beyond my hope.

Lon. But how does *Lindamira* like, to see her new Gallant, thus taken from her?

Cle. 'Tis her own fault, she might have fix'd me another way, if she had been wise.

Pan Indeed *Lindamira*, I thought not of your concern, and did conclude too rashly, but I will use my interest on your behalf.

Lin 'Twill not be needfull Madam, I know all his professions to you, are meant to me.

Cle Very prettily contrived, — This is a new kind of wit, I never heard of; so then you are to love me, in spite of your teeth, and I you, in spite of mine; what will this come to at last?

Lon.

Lon. Mirth man, all the year a constant mirth: —— Is not this better then spending your time in a smoaky house, with your old Acquaintance?

{*Silvander*, and *Lindamira* do converse while the others talk.

Cle. I cannot tell you that, till I have tryed this, as long as I have the other.

Lin. Pray my Lord, do not perswade your Friend, all this earnest is a jest, I allow you as much mirth as you please, so the conclusion be serious.

Pan. We leave the success unto the Fates; — *Clearcus* may in time have pitty on you *Lindamira*, he does not yet believe, you are in earnest.

Cle. Nor ever shall do Madam, till I see her heart break, and then 'twill be too late.

Lin. He dissembles well, for so young a Schollar Madam.

Lon. We have done all well me thinks, and now tis time that we retire.

Cle How soon may I make my next visit to you Madam?

Pan. As often as you please my Lord, at publique hours.

{*Exeunt* Silvander, *and two Lords.*

Lin. How did I perform my part Madam?

Pan. You fell too soon into your humour, he sees you mock him.

Lin.

Lin. That's all I ayme at, he has too much wit to be abuſed; my onely buſineſs is to let him ſee, that he cannot cozen me; —— I believe you will ſee this Scene changed, at his next viſit, if I have any skill, you will be troubled with him.

Pan I am arm'd at all points, againſt all men, and him moſt.

[*Enter* Theodocia, *and* Ladies.]

The. Oh Couſin! I am freed from all my fears, and come to rejoyce with you.

Pan. I have rejoyced already Madam, and have begun a Scene of mirth, will hold us long; —— Had your Highneſs come a little ſooner, you had found the late Convert *Lonzartes*, and his Friend *Clearcus* here, who is become my avowed Gallant, and looks as if he liked our company already.

The. Then you have hopes to cure him; —— Pray order it ſo, as I may come to your next meeting, my heart is now ſo light, that I could play with any thing; —— Can I have no part in your Comedy?

Lin For two reaſons, your Highneſs can onely be a looker on, tis petty Treaſon to make love to you, though in jeſt; and then your beauty is too dangerous to be dallied with; theſe be edge-tools, too ſharp for us to play with.

The. Why may not Princes participate in ſuch innocent mirth? we make ſtricter Rules then need; true virtue will ſhine through ſuch thin clouds without a prejudice, and be above the reach of vile tongues.

Pan.

Pan. I Madam, if you could ſhew a rule, to diſtinguiſh between Innocence and Guilt; — But we often ſee that Angelical virtues are aſperſed, by malicious tongues, and no quality exempt, from rude cenſures.

Lin. I differ in opinion, Princes may enjoy harmleſs mirth, as freely as we; to be too much reſerved, does look like diſguiſe.

The. I would be ſo merry *Lindamira*, as ſhould defie all ſcandall, and with an open face juſtifie it to the world; to wear alwayes a ſtiff-ſtate face, is intollerable.

Pan Private perſons may be bold that way, when few eyes obſerve, — But Princes are ſet on *Pirameds*, for all to ſee, an 1 immitate.

The. You ſhall not fright me from your mirth, with this grave l ecture, are they not, both my near Relations, whom you endeavour to reclaim! why may not I ſhare in ſo worthy a deſigne? — I fear *Lindamira* ſhe doubts leaſt I may gain her Gallant from her.

Lin. She may well be jealous, if your Highneſs undertake him, I ſhall have ſmall hopes, if you two quarrel for him.

The. VVhy *Lindamira*? is *Silvander* vaniſhed?

Lin. No Madam, the more Trophies I can fairly get by Victories on others, will raiſe his Conqueſt higher, w ho gaines me from the reſt.

The. Thou art ſafe, and may'ſt ſay any thing *Silvander* is thy ſecurity againſt all ſcandal, though you carry it thus unconcern'd, the ſecret ſpread.

Lin. *'Tis time it ſhould do ſo, now we do own*
Our love, tis fit the ſecret ſhould be known.

Pan.

Your Highneſs may aſſiſt, while you look on,
Though onely we, the active part do own.

The. Let us retire to council then.

Exeunt.

[*Enter* Teretia, *and* Geta.]

Ter. What is thy buſineſs honeſt *Geta*? How does *Lonzartes* thy brave Lord?

Geta. My Lord is in good health of body Madam, his brains are only out of order.

Ter. How meaneſt thou *Geta*, has he got a blow on his head?

Geta. Only ſome fumes from his heart Madam, makes his head addle, tis call'd the Spleen of late, and much in faſhion; his Lordſhip does deſire to know the Princeſs mind this morning, what ſhe meanes to do all day?

Ter. This will be a hard queſtion to the Princeſs faſting, why would he know all this now?

Geta. Becauſe he has ſome great affairs for me to mannage, and cannot ſpare me to ask, ſo often as I uſe to do.

Ter. Of what nature, be thy particular queries *Geta*?

Geta. He would know how ſhe ſlept laſt night? in what health now? by what hour ſhe will be dreſt? when to her devotions? and then, where ſhe walks this morning? and if ſhe dine in publique? then how ſhe intends to paſs her time till night? elſe I muſt come twenty times, for

what you may at once diſpatch me.

Ter. And does *Lozzartes* ſend thee, to enquire all this at once?

Geta. Theſe women are ſo ſilly, they cannot reach a deep deſign; — No but he does every day make me trouble my ſelf, and every body that I meet, to ask theſe queſtions ſeverally, which I would do at once, to ſhew him I am a man of quick diſpatch. *Aſide.*

Ter. Oh! is that the matter? I can fit thee with one anſwer to all theſe; — Tell thy Lord, the Princeſs did take cold laſt night, and will keep her bed all day.

Geta I like it well, and wiſh her Highneſs would do ſo this moneth.

Ter. Out Traytor, I'le make thy Lord braine thee for that wiſh.

Geta Why Madam? I meant no harm, 'twas but to ſave you the trouble, and me the ſame queſtions to morrow, and ſo on till Doomſ-day, I think.

Ter Well Sirra, for this time, 'le not complain of you, this Jeſt ſhall excuſe your knavery.

Geta. This will be a play day for me, I like this lying a Bed well.

Exeunt.

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter Lonzartes, *and* Clearcus.

Cle. TEll me then who *Cloris* is?

Lon. I dare not truſt thee yet.

Cle. I will know now, or break all Friendſhip with you.

Lon. I ſwear I muſt not yet.

Enter to them Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander.

Cle. Then look to your ſelf, leaſt I diſcover *Cloris.*

The. Where did you leave my Father *Lonzartes*?

Lon. I have not ſeen the Prince to day Madam.

The. I was told, that you were walking with him juſt now.

Cle. That may well be Madam, for his braines do crow of late; —— do ye ſee how he ſtands; —— *Lonzartes* the Princeſs ſpeaks to ye.

Lon. To me, does your Highneſs command me any thing?

Silvander, *and* Lindamira *entertain themſelves in whiſper.*

Cle. Did not I tell you Madam, that his brains are turn'd, he neither hears, nor sees of late; — The *Idea* of his *Seraffique* love, takes him wholly up, from all converse with us mortals.

Lon. Hold your prateing, or I shall be angry.

Pan. What has made you so grave of late *Lonzartes*? all your wonted mirth is gone.

Lon. No man is alwaies in good humour Madam.

Cle. He's in love Madam, on my knowledge, o're head and eares in love.

Pan. In love, *Lonzartes*, I thought you had not been at leasure, to be in love; — 'Tis your fault *Clearcus*, that have not councell'd your Friend better.

Cle. Thus am I chid for your follies, who reject all my councels, and refuse all my approv'd Antidotes, which do preserve me against that Serpent (you call Love) while he convers'd with me, he was safe Madam.

Lon. Thou hast fool'd enough *Clearcus*, the Princess and all the company are weary of it: — If your Highness allow him this freedom, he will grow troublesome.

The. Is it Love *Lonzartes*? or is *Clearcus* onely merry with you?

Lon. Your Highness knows him too well, to credit all he sayes this way, he is at this time, very angry that I have chid him for his lewd life, and have with-drawn my self from his ill company, which he imputes to my being in love.

Cle I say he is in love, most seriously in love: shall I unmask this grave Reformado, and shew you the Lady now?

The.

Tbe. If *Lonzartes* be content, I would gladly see her, whom he thinks worthy of his heart.

Cle. No matter for his consent Madam, so you like it. — And thus I begin my tryal; — By your good leave Lady — Tis not here; — nor is it this; — nor is it you Lady? *(He holds them all to Lonzartes, one by one.)*

Lin. I lament the losse of such an honour.

Lon. Thou art become a pretty fool *Clearcus*, dost thou not observe how all the Court do laugh at thee?

Cle. Yes, and shall make them laugh at you, e're I have done; if *Pandora* will make the next tryall.

Pan I am content to try, what this will come to.

Cle. Now Sir, have at you; — Tis not your good fortune neither Madam.

Tbe. How can you make *Lonzartes* an amends, for all this abuse.

Cle. I will give him present satisfaction, if your Highness will permit me to bring him to you?

Tbe. To me! think you *Lonzartes* is in love with me?

Cle. Tis a *Cloris* in the clouds, one much above his reach, which you onely are Madam.

Tbe. With all my heart, I shall be proud to own his conversion, as a Trophie of my honour.

Cle. See if his guilt do not make him avoid the tryal; —— stop him there; —— *Lonzartes* the Princess calls you. *(Lonzartes is going out.)*

Lon. I'le cut thy throat.

Cle. He threatens me, — guilty I'le warrant; — now Madam, do you see no alteration in his face? —

face? — no change yet? — speak all, — you are all assistants in this Judgement. } Lonzartes throws him off in anger.

Lon. It will disturb a Saint, to be thus subject to the fancies of a fool.

The. Be not disturb'd *Lonzartes*, you take this in earnest, which we look on as a jest, only to pass the time; *Clearcus* has more wit, then to be in earnest.

Lon. I hope your Highness will not prefer his follies, before my professions, who disclaim such a presumption.

The. If you turn this jest to earnest *Lonzartes*, I shall believe *Clearcus*; — I take it now as Raillery; — I wonder *Lindamira* you get not hold of some young lovers heart?

Lin. I have twenty in store Madam, more then I know what to do with.

Pan. Then you allow as many lovers, as you can get, and mean to chuse the best.

Lin. I think tis credit for women to be admir'd and honour'd by worthy men; it shews a value, to move so many to a general Esteem, and must be the womans fault if she deserve a censure.

The. You are in the right *Lindamira*, men may designe, but women may destroy, faster then they can build; my thanks unto *Clearcus* for our mirth.

Cle. Mirth ought to be our business Madam. —

The angry gods affords cross Fates to give
Us griefes enough, and troubles while we live.

} *Exeunt* Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *severally.*

Enter

Enter the Prince *and* Lords, *who meet the Ladies going off.*

Prince. We were now discoursing of your Gallant *Pandora*, have you hopes to work this miracle?

Pan. This Lady and I, have ventred our credits on this conversion Sir.

Prince. To reclaim him, were a good work; but suppose he fall in love with either of you.

Pan. At his peril that, let *Lindamira* look to her self, I am safe.

Lin. I have a sure retreat Sir, tis but seeming to comply, and he'l give ore; for he can love none that he can conquer, and I am resolv'd rather to be vanquish'd, then not to be rid of him when I see my time.

Sil. Could all her Beauty with my love expire
Her flowing Wit, would still create new fire.
[Aside.

Enter to them Clearcus *and* Lonzartes.

Prince. You two I know, come now from exercizing of your Troopes.

Cle. No Sir, we went hence just now; I wish my Troop here to guard me.

Prince. Have you an Enemy in view *Clearcus*?

Cle. I have many Sir, that have rob'd me of

my peace; I cannot sleep of late, but have a thousand fancies, which do set my brains on fire.

Prince. Take heed it prove not love.

Cle. That is the danger Sir, for if *Pandora* do keep her resolve for single life; I may be in love; for I do feel strange alterations that I know not what to make of.

Lin Have you no affection left for me my Lord? can you so soon forget your last nights professions?

Cle. Now Sir, you see how I am assaulted, I shall be pull'd in pieces presently.

Prince. Silvander and I, will secure you from *Lindamira.*

Cle. If I were assured you could Sir, I should like her wit, and humour well, —— but I fear, —— if I should be in earnest, she would be so too.

Lin. You see his inclination is for me Madam, so that what ever he shall say to you hereafter, is meant to me

Cle. Nor so, nor so, sweet Lady, I do respect *Pandora*, above all her Sex; you throw out hoocks to catch young Gallants, she neglects those are laid for her, thats my danger.

Prince. What riddle is this *Clearcus*? dost thou desire, that thy desires may not be answered?

Cle Yes Sir, from some persons, for if my love be return'd, all ends in the fruition, (as most Examples shew,) But if *Pandora* keep her resolve for single life, then I can raise my fancy while I live, to Adoration of her beauty, and that virtue, with a continual delight, which will last while I last.

The. You are then my Lord, the happiest lover living,

living, for you will find my Cousin, just as you wish.

Pan. Pray Madam, answer not too fast for me, for if I find *Clearcus* a person of such Noble Nature, beyond what I did ever hope to meet in man; I may change my Opinion of men for his sake; and therefore 'tis best to find some other sport, least we destroy each other.

He starts.

Cle. Look you now? I am Treypand.

The. Start not *Clearcus*, she but mocks you, you are both ingaged for this month to Entertain us, and your selves, no going off now.

Pan. I shall not break Covenants.

Cle. Nor I Madam, though I do sometimes reminde you of your resolve against Marriage, whereon depends my bliss, secure me but of that, and I am ever yours.

Pan I shall endeavour what I can, to give you that satisfaction

Cle. I kiss your fair hand on that word, which has given new life to my doubtfull heart, and now I do defie *Lonzartes* gravity, to put his heart in a more loving dress, then mine shall be hereafter.

Prince. If *Lonzartes* can love too, my wonder ceases.

The. He is my servant Sir, and has a chief part in the Comedy.

Prince. I like your pastime well, but methinks *Lonzartes* looks as if he were compell'd unto his part, and will do it scurvily.

Lin.

Lin. That's the ſport Sir, and will afford the more variety.

Lon. I ſhall be glad Sir, if I might be excus'd.

The. By no means Servant, what an affront is this, that I muſt beg your favour, in the face of the whole Court to own me?

Prince. You muſt not be ſo grave *Lonzartes*, all is for our mirth.

Cle Now Sir, have not I done your work for you?

Lon. Would thou wert hang'd, hold thy peace.

Cle. Give me better words, or I'le talk aloud.

Lon. Was ever man thus hamper'd, between jeſt and earneſt?

Lin. They are comparing notes in private; there's Treachery in their faces; I'le play no more.

Prince. When begins the love *Clearcus*? this is only talking of it.

Cle. It is begun already Sir; if I had not valued this Excellent Lady above the World; I had not taine this care to ſecure my intereſt to a perpetuity.

Lin. Madam, you are not to believe a word of this, for he has with the ſame grave face, ſworn the ſame to me but Yeſterday.

Cle. That was in jeſt Madam, but now every action of my life, ſhall juſtifie each ſyllable I utter unto you.

Pan. I ſhall endeavour to believe it my Lord, and yet allow you the ſame Chriſtian liberty with *Lindamira*, and the reſt, as you had before.

Cle. Madam, you ſpeak, as though you did not value

value my respects, now my whole soul is set to serve, and honour you alone.

Pan. I must confess, I cannot change my faith, so fast as you do your discourse; — And then as I remember my lesson, is to keep my distance, least I loose my lover.

Cle. True Madam, as to comply, but you are to see, and credit my ambitious love, and to admit it with the same Esteem, I serve you.

Pan. How can I do that, and not return you love for love? and then you will dispise me; pray my Lord, at your next visit, bring my part in writing, that I may not erre in it.

Prince She is in the right *Clearcus*, you now seem to seek such contradictions, as all the Court will laugh at; consult with *Lonzartes* against your next visit.

{Exit *Prince* and *Train.*

Lon. If he will follow my advise, he may do well Sir; — now we are alone, tell me what crotchets next? prethee make me understand what thou wouldest have *Pandora* do?

Cle. I think you were best release me the residue of my month, that I may go seek my wits, where I last left them; — must I see none of my old Friends, untill this month be over?

Lon. If you consider your promise, not see one of them.

Cle. Then shall I be lost, if those preservatives be all forbid me; I do find already love will be Predominant.

Lon.

Lon. The better for you if it be; — let us now talk ſeriouſly; — ſuppoſe *Pandora* may be won, can you fancy a happineſs on Earth, beyond having her?

Cle. Yes, I do fancy that having twenty, is better then any one in Chriſtendom.

Lon. Thou doſt not love them, elſe, that one belov'd, has more variety then a thouſand.

Cle. Make but that good, I'le marry her to morrow.

Lon. You think then ſhe is already at your diſpoſe.

Cle. When ſhe once ſees that I am in earneſt, ſhe will be, what I will have her; and the truth is *Lenzartes*, I do like her beſt of all I ever talk'd with, and have great fear that I ſhall be like other men, who never value what they have, which makes me covet what I cannot get.

Lon. Suppoſe ſome other do obtain her, while you are thus long reſolving?

Cle. Nay, I am reſolv'd no other ſhall ever have her.

Lon. And you reſolve for her too.

Cle. Yes, ſhe cannot in Honour ingage to any, while I pretend.

Lon. Art thou turn'd fool, to think thus? be more ſerious, or thou wilt be diſpis'd.

Cle. Why do you not allow me ſome relief then? to live a whole month honeſt, will put my blood into a flame; I have tempted all I meet, and all within theſe Walls prove honeſt.

Lon. By your own Experience then, you will find that Courts are Nurſeries of virtue, and are onely

onely ſcandaliz'd by ſuch vilde perſons, as would have the cleareſt innocence aſpers'd, that their own guilts might be no wonder; —— you find few virtuous perſons, amongſt Cenſurers.

Cle. That's true, but take heed *Lonzartes*, you donot lead me into ſnares that will deſtroy me, for I already find ſome inclinations towards *Pandora*, which I am aſham'd to own, leaſt I be laugh'd at.

Lon. You have reaſon, for there can none of us believe thee.

Cle. You have made me a fine Gentleman in a few dayes; —— if *Pandora* be of your mind, adiew to your Philoſophical love.

Lon. I hope thou art too faſt to free thy ſelf. ——

Thou playeſt with flames which undiſcover'd burn,
Untill they do thy heart to Aſhes turn.

Exit Lonzartes.

Cle. Did ever man betray himſelf as I have done? by putting fetters on in jeſt, which already are become ſo fixt, I cannot ſhake 'um off; but muſt humbly beg to be allow'd to worſhip that Divine Nature I ſo much diſpis'd in virtuous women, and muſt now confeſs: ——

If I do neither Faith, nor Favour find,
The god of Love is Juſt, though he be blind.

Exit.

Note, that all the Play through, when Silvander *and* Lindamira *ſpeaks not, they are to whiſper as in private diſcourſe.*

Enter

[*Enter* Theodocia *and* Lindamira.]

Lin. If your Highneſs do conſider *Lonzartes*'s Worth, and his great Birth, as it deſerves; whoſe Anceſtor was not many Ages ſince, by yours put by this Dukedom, on a nice point (as I have heard;) ſo that to me *Lonzartes*'s love, looks like a Divine direction, to his Reſtauration.

The. I am of *Pandora*'s mind for ſingle life, and have as ſmall a value for that idle paſſion you call love, as ſhe.

Lin. Your Highneſs may as well judge what they do in *China*, as gueſs at our Felicities that love? — I can kiſs the ground that my *Silvander* treads on, with more reliſh, then all other joyes can bring me.

The. You have high fancies that lead you on to hopes, which you may never find.

Lin. Theſe hopes are more delightfull then an Age of dull life without them; if your Highneſs did converſe as much with me, as with *Pandora*, I ſhould convert you.

The Why do you not then change her ſeverity againſt men?

Lin. I had not the Honour to be known to her, before her heart was ſet another way; but yet I'le try what I can do.

The. I wiſh *Silvander* may anſwer your expectation *Lindamira*; but if ſuch honour, and ſuch bliſs accompany your loves, why thus long carried on ith' dark? and why not yet avow'd?

Lin.

Lin. Tis now avow'd unto the Duke, though I took time to know my Gallant, before I did admit his love, and on long tryal found his silent looks, did speak more truth, then such loud noyses, as most passions make

Ibe. You praise *Silvander* as if you meant to sell him.

Lin. He is no Prince Madam, and is therefore safe from you.

Ibe. The less safe, if I so pleas'd; —— do you believe his virtue, and his love so great, that I could not win him from you for a Friend of mine?

Lin. I do, and shall not think him a loss, who can be won from me, by the greatest Princess of the World?

Ibe. If I could once see such a man, I might change my opinion.

Lin. Why don't you try *Lonzartes?*

Ibe. He is too much concern'd to be play'd with; —— you dare not venture your fine man then?

Lin. I dare, and do desire it withall my heart, and do voluntarily ingage, not to work against your Highness.

Ibe. And I am resolv'd to try his faith to you, it may cure *Lonzartes* to see himself neglected, when anothers chosen, though but in jest, for I can pitty, though I do not love him.

Lin. And tis my desire to have *Silvanders* faithfull love, made Eminent by this temptation.

Enter

Enter Lonzartes, *and* Silvander *to them.*

The. In what humour left you *Clearcus* my Lords?

Lon. In such as does become his greatnesse Madam.

The. Most brave men are often puffed up with vain glory, that does Eclipse those virtues, which themselves do over-value.

Lin. Your Highness is severe to men, but all are not so vain.

The. Most are, when we do value them too much; — yet I confess I am well pleased, when I find men worthy my Esteem.

Lin. How does that appear? when your Highness does dispise mankind by your resolves against them.

The. To shew how much you are mistaken; unpin this Jewel; — wear this *Silvander* for my sake; I'le own it to the World, that I do value men of Worth.

Sil. Madam, I understand not what this kind of favour meanes; I hope your Highness does not chuse me for mirth.

The. Do you *Silvander* raise mirth from my Favour? —— come with me *Lindamira*; —— I do command you to stand near us within hearing; —— I will not run the hazzard of any Censure, by this tryal to satisfie my curiosity concerning lovers, such high *Romantick* lovers, who soar above the reach of all temptations.

Lin.

Lin. I shall obey you Madam, though I desire it not. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

The Men stand amazed.

Sil. Can you guess *Lonzartes*, what this tends to?

Lon. 'Tis a Riddle far beyond my understanding. [*Exit Lonzartes.*

Lindamira *Re-enters to* Silvander.

Lin. Wake, wake *Silvander*, the Sun shines bright upon thee; *Theodocia* dotes on thy virtues, and will advance thy youth, much faster then thy own wishes can propose.

Sil. How *Lindamira*, have you so mean thoughts of me?

Lin. So high thoughts, why may not the Princess neglect the *Corinthian* for you? such things have been in story.

Sil. You speak, as if you wish'd it.

Lin. Can I wish you well, and not applaud it?

Sil. You cannot fancy me a greater curse, unless your own heart be turn'd against me.

Lin. The Princess desires your Company in the next Room; I can stay no longer. [*Exit Lindamira.*

Sil. I have so much to think on, that I know not what to say; —— the Princess unexpected

favours, with *Lindamira*'s no concern, begets such wonder, as does amaze me —— I will not go;— and yet I must, or make my self Ridiculous, by judging what I cannot guess at. *Exit.*

< *Enter* Lonzartes. >

Lon Have I thus long ador'd the Princess? and still approach'd her with the same trembling, I draw near the Altar, for this scorn at last, — before my face, to court a man, she knows ingaged unto another, a man of so much lower quality then I; this I confess does make my Faith flagger; —— *Silvander* was as much surpriz'd as I, — *Lindamira* too was out of Tune; —— If *Theodocia* can go less, this change will be more my admiration, then her virtue was.

{ *Enter* Lindamira, *passing in as by him.* }

Lon Now Madam, whither so fast?

Lin. I o see which way the wind blows; —— pray my Lord, where is your heart now?

Lon. In the Princess lodgings, with yours; — or can you tell me better, where your own is?

Lin. I change my mind so often, that I know not where I left my heart last.

Lon. Are you no more concerned? Suppose *Silvander* change his opinion? Princess have mighty power to overcome mens hearts.

Lin. Why then his opinion will be chang'd? — I cannot value him, that leaves to value me; — methinks

methinks my Lord, the Princes favour to *Silvander*, should abate your passion for her.

Lor. My desires go no higher, then to look, and wonder at her perfections! my Esteem cannot be call'd love, beyond what Duty, and Obedience does allow; — but how does *Silvander* receive this great Honour?

Lin. They are now in private; you may judge by his exalted looks when you see him next; — I am glad your Lordship is no more concern'd.

Lor. This is a forc'd discourse *Lindamira*, pray do not mock me, who have a true value of your worth.

Lin. The truth is, the Princes often angred at my confidence in *Silvanders* love; onely now tryes if she can shake his faith, by higher propositions; — and my hope is, that his virtue may beget in her, some better thoughts for men, which will do your business, and confirm mine, for *Silvander* is above temptation; and I think *Lazartes* does deserve what he desires.

Lor. You oblige me to say, your confidence does merrit the greatest faith from man; but is *Silvander* of your Plot?

Lin. No, 'twould then be none, nor I no tryall have of his sincerity.

Lor. These are dangerous sports, and we too late may find them so; — the Princes and you are both too bold, and do too much rely on your own beauties.

Lin. If *Silvander* can be won, I can smile at such a loss.

Lor. 'Tis easie to say so, when you fear it not;

but I have seen stout hearts fall to pieces by such a blow; —— you have setled my heart again, and I advise you from these dangerous sports, least they blow up your joyes, when you are most secure: we know our present minds, but cannot fore-see what we shall like to morrow: ——

Our Nature with such frailty is indow'd,
'Tis well if present moments be allow'd

Exeunt Severally.

(*Enter* Theodocia, *and* Silvander, *two Ladies at a distance*; Lindamira *is seen near observing them.*)

The. Is your heart my Lord so fixt on *Lindamira*, that no Person, nor any Argument, can't prevail with you to change?

Sil. Our Souls Madam, are so united, that I hope death can onely make that separation.

The. Can no Fortune, nor any Quality invite you to Honours, and Happiness, beyond what you can ever hope from *Indamira*? Nor a greater beauty disingage your heart from her?

Sil. None can ever move me to a thought of change Madam.

The. What if she have chosen higher, and give way for your preferment also.

Sil. I can smile at all this, when your Highness is so merry; —— *Indamira* and I Madam, do understand a happiness, can never be dissolv'd; we are above temptation.

The.

The. Suppose my Father be her choice, will you pretend to love, and hinder her advancement, by your claim? — Suppose my Dear Cousin *Pandora*, have like affection unto you; and puts on this severity to others, in design onely to gaine you? will you let such a beauty, of so high virtue and extraction dye for you?

Sil. Your Highness sure does fancy what is impossible? — but if all this were so, I could dye in gratitude to serve *Pandora*, but do prefer *Lindamira*'s love, and virtue, above the brightest beauty, or greatest Empire this World has.

The. Can there be such worth in men? how have I been mis-informed? — Princes who do not converse, know not the World they live in, but take all on trust from others; — You believe that I am now in jest *Silvander*, and do not deal so freely, as I expect. *Aside.*

Sil. By all thats ——— I am fixt, past altering; — if your Highness knew the joyes, which do accompany united hearts, you would sooner undertake to pull down Stars from Heaven, then hope a separation, where true love Triumphs.

The. I am fully satisfyed, that *Lindamira* has what she deserves, a worthy Lover; —— appear now *Lindamira*, and call in *Lonzartes* with the rest: — I am converted.

{*Enter* Lindamira *with* Lonzartes *and* Ladies}

The. Here Madam, you are coupled by the gods, *Silvander* does deserve your confidence; ——

Now wear that Jewel, I before gave you in jeſt Sir, as a mark of my Favour, for your approv'd virtue.

Lin. Has your Highneſs any better thoughts for Marriage, then you had?

The. I have found an honeſt worthy man, beyond my Expectation; — *Lonzartes* you look ſad.

Lon. My heart is not ſo full of feathers as it was, but is of late become a lump of lead.

The. We have indeed been all too ſerious of late; come *Lindamira*, let us find ſome Entertainment to refreſh us on the ſea this Evening; *Lonzartes*, you, and *Clearcus* may go with us, if you pleaſe? [*Exeunt all but* Lonzartes.

Lon. Your Highneſs does honour us; — what theſe various fancies tend to, is above my underſtanding; — As Nature has fram'd Women of a more refined matter, then us men, ſo ſhe has given to ſome, Souls ſo much above ours Excellent, that their Intrincique purity, dazles our Judgements more then their brighteſt beauty does our eyes; — *Theodocia* is certainly without blemiſh, — yet may have ſome notion of my love, which ſhe thinks not fit to cheriſh, becauſe ſhe likes not me: — And yet may have a virtuous concern for my birth, and ſufferings, ſuch as her good Nature is unwilling to deſtroy; — 'Tis *Theodocia*'s Excellencies makes me thus humbly ſeek my Right, as her Gift; Elſe my Sword ſhould make my way to aſcend this Throne, which is my own; — but no more of that yet: —

——— *For if I can be rightly underſtood,*
My love may ſave the expence of ſo much blood.

[Exit.

Fourth Act.

{Pandora *with* Lindamira *are seen sitting on a Couch*; *Enter* Clearcus *to them*, *they rise.*}

Cle. MAdam Tis a felicity to love you, though neglected; by what Name then shall I call my Joy? Now you allow my Love, to what height raise my thoughts? —— Shall I dare to enter upon such a state of bliss? —— To be thus snatch'd into so much light, from the long *Chaos* I have liv'd in, may prove more ruinous to me, then that Hell I came from.

Pan. My Lord, you speak a new Language I understand not.

Cle. Alas Madam, I have this night seen Visions, and do find my passion, growing much above my own command; —— For when I look on your eyes, I forget that there are gods, and shall do such Idolatry to you, as will provoke them, to make me more miserable, then you can wish me happy; —But when I consider how vast a *Chasme*, your resolves have made between us; I sink into such an abyss of misery, that I can ne're get out of.

Pan. I understand you less, and less; —— The more you say, the more you do confound my Judgement.

Lin. All this Madam, is onely to let us see how he could talk; if any Woman were worthy of his real love; —— pray my Lord proceed, —— I shall take Notes and Edifie.

Pulls out a Table Book.

Cle. Your mirth Madam, is now out of season, when every word I utter flowes from my wounded heart.

Lin. Why do you not speak to me then? who can change my mind as often as your self? I was made for you; this Lady is impregnable.

Cle. I yield *Lindamira*, let not your wit destroy a man that does submit to mercy; I beg quarter.

Lin. Oh! do you so?

Pan. 'Tis enough *Lindamira*, that he does confesse himself o're-come, let it be Registred amongst our Victories; —— And now my Lord, what is your next desire?

Cle. My next Madam; I have scarce begun with this, you do mistake all I say for mirth; Does not my looks and Language shew an Alteration? —— All those *Chymeras*, that did possess my idle head are vanished, and I become a serious man: —— Your Miracle is already wrought, and I now see the onely way to my Felicitie, is to gain what I so much contemn'd.

Lin. Excellently well Acted, this might cozen twenty that did not know him.

Pan. You shall do well my Lord to persue this new path, untill you do obtain a general opinion of your virtue; But I hope you would not have us credit it at first sight.

Cle.

Cle. Though my love cannot yet gain credit in your Esteem, do not deny me the joy to think that you see how much I love, and honour you.

Pan. This is too serious for our Comedy my Lord.

Cle. Nothing can be too serious Madam, to expresse my love, by which the gods are pleas'd to bring me to them; thus by forbidding what might intice me to slight Paradice, by having had you here: — 'Tis fit then that I submit, and raise a joy from what I am now too apt to repine at, for 'tis a blessi g to be so fixt, as Antidates my *Elizium* here on Earth; this Souls joy will endure like its own nature, unto Eternity.

Pan. You are cured then *Clearcus*, and will unto the Prince confess your conversion, if we call you to it?

Cle. Propose away for my acknowledgement, and try.

Lin. Let us take time Madam to consider of it, least we loose half the Entertainment by our hast, and so spoile the jest.

Cle. Madam, let not this Ladies mirth prevaile with your good nature, to afflict a man, who can live onely by your smiles.

Pan. I must confess I have some pain to hold in my smiles thus long, for this serious way of fooling I expected not from you my Lord.

Cle. Why Madam, do you take all this for jest still?

Pan. Yes indeed do I.

Cle. By all the powers above, I do Adore you, next to them I Worship.

Lin.

Lin. That's no Oath Madam, for he Worships none.

Pan. I have the same thoughts *Lindamira*, and am safe.

Cle. What a Monster am I grown, give me credit Madam, or give me death?—— If I do not love you, let *Jove* strike me with suddain Thunder; or I will gladly seal what I have said with my best blood, if nothing less will satisfie.

Pan. Hold *Clearcus.* [*He Draws.*

Lin. Oh! let him alone, he'l not hurt himself, he onely hopes to fright us.

Pan. My Lord you fright me now, and since you think fit to turn our Commick Scene into a Tragedy; I shall quit my part in it; and from this time, admit no farther visits from you:—— Let us retire *Lindamira*, his converse grows dangerous.

Exeunt Ladies.

Cle. This had been my fate, had I ingaged a little farther, and this the fruit of chast, virtuous love; What a folly 'tis, to give our freedoms up, unto the will of Women, so humbly to obey, those we are Created to command:—— But I am safe yet, and will now play with 'um, at their own game; and through a seeming sorrow for my rejection, laugh at them, who think to laugh at me.

< *Enter* Lonzartes. >

Lon. A good day unto my Friend.

Cle. You speak too late *Lonzartes*, this is a fatal day, and I am studying how I may make it more

Eminent

Eminent by death, then by my ſufferings.

Lon. Why what's the matter man? have you viſited the Ladies before they are dreſt, and made 'um froward.

Cle. Thy love *Lonzartes* has ruin'd me; —— yet I thank thee for my converſion, I ſhall now dye a ſober man.

Lon. Thy looks ſpeak ſome diſaſter, tell me the worſt, that I may joyn to find a Remedy.

Cle. In a word then, I do love *Pandora*, as ſhe deſerves, and did ſo to the life expreſs my love; that in ſpight of *Lindamiras* mirth, ſhe did believe it, and has forbid my farther viſits.

Lon. 'Tis not poſſible that ſhe can be ſo fool'd, ſhe forbad thee in jeſt, come let us go to her now.

Cle. I'le ſwear ſhe did forbid me, and in great anger turn'd from me, I dare not go.

Lon This is pretty, would'ſt thou have me believe thou loveſt?

Cle. *Lonzartes*, I am not in humour to be play'd with.

Lon Nor I in humour to be fool'd; what would'ſt thou have me ſay, when thou talk'ſt thus to me? thou in love! H, ha.

Cle. What ſhall I ſay? what do, to beget faith in thee? —— *Pandora*'s reſolution againſt Marriage, which I ſo much rejoyc'd at, is fatally become my ſcourge, and I muſt dye, or have her.

Lon. That's the only way to obtain belief; do but hang thy ſelf, and then a Printed Ballad (*The Dary Maids greateſt Faith*;) will make them ſwear thou dyedſt for love.

Cle. Do my looks agree with ſo much jeſt? does

does not my face declare, my heart does love?

Lon. No, nor ever can do to me, would'ſt thou have me belye my ſelf, that thou mayeſt laugh at me? theſe ſhallow Plots are loſt on me.

[*Exit Lonzarte.*

Cle. This is right, had I been fool'd into the *Platonick* pound; I might have knock'd my head againſt the walls, and never been believed; —— Thus I blow away thoſe bubles, thoſe ayrie Lectures of chaſt love, which lead ſilly mortals into ſlavery; —— Ha *Sanga.*

< *Enter Sanga.* >

Sanga. Your pleaſure Sir.

Cle. Go preſently, and ſummon all that merry Crew, (who danc'd the other day,) to Sup with me this Night; and bid the Muſick come.

[*Exit Sanga.*

Sanga. I go Sir.

Cle. I will retreat while I am ſafe, and be Arm'd againſt my Wife, Virtuous, Chaſt Friends, with their Cob-web Netts, ſo ſubtilly laid to catch me; —— Thus I throw all their Inchantments off; —— And now like the Grand Seignor, after ſome great Victory atcheiv'd; —— I will retire to my *Seraglio.*

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Duke, *with* Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Train:— and* Silvander.

Duke. You tell me a ſtory beyond belief *Theodocia*, *Clearcus* playes with you all this while; he love?

The. If *Pandora* be miſtaken, he will triumph over Women kind for ever.

Pan. I wiſh it were no worſe Sir, tis I who now am to be pitied, who for the common ſport, and for his good, have brought an evil on my ſelf, I cannot bear.

Duke. Why *Pandora*, he is deſcended of our own blood, and his Eſtate proportionable to his Birth? ſo that if you can raiſe his virtues above his vices, you'l have no cauſe to murmur at his love.

Pan. True Sir, if I were not ingag'd to a ſingle life, much might be ſaid, to ſet *Clearcus*'s merrits above mine.

Lin. Is there no diſpenſation for ſuch reſolves Madam? when it may be diſputed, whether the gods approve them? —— They give us Lawes enough, we need none of our own making.

Pan. My heart will ne're conſent to alter my reſolves.

Lin. We ſhall have enough to do then.

The. Let us all agree to laugh him out of it.

Lin. You will find little cauſe for mirth, when you ſee *Clearcus* next Madam.

The. Can ſo few hours alter a man of his temper, ſo much?

Lin. He is aſham'd of his firſt Principles, and is angry at that ſhame; He hates himſelf for loving, and loves ſo much, he dares not wiſh it leſs; This

mixture

mixture of passions, does beget such a confusion of thoughts, that makes him look as if he had fed on nought but sighes, and tears this twelve Month; and I fear we shall have cause to turn our laughter into sorrow for him.

Duke. I'le give him Commands that shall divert him; —— come with me *Theodocia.*

{ *Exeunt Duke and* Theodocia.

Lin. Tis great pitty so brave a man should be so lost.

Pan. Tis so *Lindamira*, but how can it be help'd? must I become mad, because he is so; —— 'Twas not a rash word, by chance let fall, but on debate and mature judgement, because I saw none so happy after Marriage as before; —— Why may not I then live and dye as free as I was born?

Lin. You see why, because the gods do not allow so great felicity on Earth, as might keep us from ever wishing to be with them; pray whoever heard of a pair of true Lovers, that desir'd to be in Heaven, if they might stay here till Doomsday? 'Tis therefore for our good, that such united hearts are so rarely to be found on Earth; take heed *Pandora*, that you bring not more evils on your head, then you fore see.

Pan. I must now bear my Fortune as I may.

Lin. Though you have not met with many happy Marriages, I have heard of some, who all their lives have had a constant spring of love; their passions so high, and joyes so great, each striving

striving to raise the others happiness above their own; this I believe and hope for; —— Methinks till I am married, I am a thing laid by, as if forgotten by the gods.

Pan. Tis not high passions, nor great joyes, I doubt to find, but their continuance; —— suppose the Gallant Lovers to the Wars be sent, what terrours will possess their frighted Ladies, till their return? and if miscarry, what will their whole lives have to joy at after?

Lin. Those who stay at home, may have equall dangers, these are anticipated dreams of evils, that may never happen; then you conceive not the joy those dangers bring when they are over; this world affords us nothing to relish our delights by, but such accidents as love, with some fears and dangers bring; Tis sharps make sweet the sweeter.

Pan. But if I am satisfied with less joyes, without those pains you find so useful, why must I try to gain more happiness, then I do wish for, when I have joyes enough already?

Lin. Joyes enough Madam; there is no such thing in Nature, as enough of what we love.

Pan. I am weary of this idle talk.

Lin. And I know no better Entertainment.

Enter to them Lonzartes, *and* Silvander.

Pan. How think you *Silvander*, is *Clearcus* what he seems?

Sil. Lonzartes knows him best Madam.

Lon.

Lon. I do believe he loves, though I seem not to credit him, and am now resolv'd to play with his passion, as he has done with mine; 'twill entertain the Princess rarely, to see how I shall anger him.

Sil. Is he enough fix't? to be so abus'd, for neither Men, nor Women have any faith in a budding love, he may fly off for ever.

Lon. I am now going to see what humour he's in.

Sil. I'le wait on you.

Pan. Pray do, and let me know how I must behave my self, that would not hurt him.

Lin. I can direct you best, if you'l trust your self to me.

Pan. I shall trust you as far as any in this affair; let us consult within.

Exeunt.

Enter Clearcus *and* Sanga, *with Men, and Women dancers.*

Cle. Welcome my dear Friends, I will be no more seduc'd by grave *Lonzartes* fooleries; this night shall re-unite us while we live: — Is the Musique come.

San. Not yet Sir.

Cle. I have broke through their Nets, and now the day and night are ours to Revel in; we will be so merry, that our hearts shall seem much lighter then our heeles.

Enter

< *Enter* Sanga. >

Sanga. *Lonzartes*, and *Silvander* are without.

Cle. They are come as I could wish, I'le entertain 'um as they deserve; they are my kind, chast, virtuous, well-wishing spies; — pray retire all

{ *Exeunt* } { *Dancers.* }

into that Gallery, while I dispatch my Court-Friends: — *Sanga* shut the windows close, then call 'um in, and say, that I am grown sad of late,

< *Exit Sanga.* >

monstrous sad; — Now for a grave face to suite with my disguise; I have some fear my sides will burst, with holding in my laughter.

{ *He sits in a* } { *sad posture.* }

{ *Enter* Sanga *with* } { Lonzartes, *and* } { Silvander. }

Sanga. Softly pray; — for a strange Melancholy has seiz'd him on the suddain; — He is now talking to *Pandora.*

Sil. She is not here.

San. He entertains her *Idea* in her absence with the same passion, he would her; — the only sure way for a lovers happiness; — hark.

Cle. Blessed Angel, turn not away; — these tears must be my daily Incence, offer'd at your feet; if you refuse this Tribute from my captiv'd heart, you'l turn the *Elizium* I enjoy, to *Hell*: Oh stay! and take my Soul with thee; — that gentle look! that: —

Lon. Why ſo ſad fond lover? let not one repulſe diſmay ſo great a Conquerour; thy next charge may prove more proſperous; — we come to councel thee *Clearcus*, and to raiſe thy drooping Spirits by new hopes.

Cle Or to laugh at my affliction, whoſe Soul is ſunke ſo low by my diſpair, that all my Spirits are vaniſhed; I muſt ſubmit to my Captivity *Lazartes.*

[*He ſighs.*

Lon. That ſigh had almoſt blown me over, yet I am glad to ſee this, and am now fully ſatisfied thou art in love, in love *Clearcus*; — let me imbrace my fellow-Priſoner, we will now ſhake our ſhackles, to the ſame ſad tune.

Cle. I know you came to mock me; — but I muſt bear it.

Lon. Oh no! who can have ſo hard a heart? we pitty you, and have ſome fears *Pandoras* heart will break, when we relate your mighty ſufferings; — but if I ſhould ſit thus in the dark, would it create the like *Angelical Idea* in my brain *Clearcus*?

Cle This is barbarous, to catch a Lion in your Toyles, and bait him like an Aſſe; — thus to render my paſſion Rediculous, will beget *Pandora* ſcorn, and may prove my deſtruction.

Lon. If ſhe diſcern not your paſſion, how can ſhe proportion her favours to your merrit?

Cle. Do I deſerve this mirth from you, thus to highten my affliction?

Lon. Do you not? — all that I can do this Twelvemonth, will not bring me on equal terms

for thy abuſes: — remember how you held me to the Ladies, and made me your mirth, by which ſcandal you deſtroy'd my credit with the Princeſs, this is my revenge.

Cle. 'Twas a great ſcandal indeed to procure you the Princeſs leave to love her; by my means you have obtain'd a happineſs beyond your hopes, which all your whining Poetry, or your Eternall ſighes could ever reach; — for which ſpeciall ſervice; — prethee good ſweet *Lonzartes* ſpare

< Hangs on him >

me; — by our old Friendſhip I do beg; — by thy own virtue, and unparalel'd chaſt heart, I do conjure thee not to raiſe a publique mirth out of my ſouls ſorrow, which you have brought me to.

Lon. Well then, if I find you do continue thus humbly penitent, and truly thus afflicted, I will ſhew more mercy then I found from you; — come chear up; — we will ſigh, and condole to-

< Embraces Clearcus. >

gether, and if poſſible, ſo order our ſad hearts, that both may the ſame moment break, and infect the world with ſuch a ſorrow, as may fright the female Sex from like rigour unto men; ſo ſhall we become a Noble Sacrifice to love, for the good of a whole Nation; — or if you pleaſe, we'l ſend for ſome of our old Gang to dance, and drink theſe Melancholly vapours from our hearts, to let the Ladies ſee, their beauties are not ſo deſtructive, as we make them believe.

{ Clearcus Imbraces Lonzartes with great joy.

Cle. I marry *Lonzartes*, now thou talkeſt like a Philoſopher, now thou preſcribeſt the onely remedy for our diſeaſe; —— *Sanga*, —— bid the Muſick ſtrike a chearfull Ayre, and then call in thoſe Friends in the next room; — Nay, if you allow this way of cure, I ſhall ſoon expell love venome from my heart into my heeles.

Embraces Lonzartes.

Lon. What is all this *Clearcus*, art thou mad ſtill?

Lonzartes ſtarts back.

Cle. I am wiſe, and do not mean to quit my cool, pleaſant, flowry paths, for your conſuming flames of reſtleſs love, who walke on tops of Steeples, and at that height, plead that your chaſt deſires are pleaſing to the gods; — But I, who know the end of ſuch fair flathes, as at firſt appear with ſuch folded Armes, and down caſt looks, are but ſteps to approach the Ladies fingers ends; —

— Then by degrees grown bolder, you aſpire,
Till nought but ruine, quench the ſubtle fire.

< Enter Dancers. >

Lon. What doeſt thou mean by this miſterious language?

Cle. I mean to follow thy adviſe, — to ſigh only when I make love to Ladies, (their backs turn'd) I mean to dance, and ſing as often as I can, that their neglects may pierce no deeper then their eyes

eyes discern; ——— here *Lonzartes*, this Girle will cure the bite of a *Tarantula*, and drive the poyson from thy heart.

Lon. Out Hypocrite; ——— is this thy love unto *Pandora*? was all thy passion counterfeit the other day?

Cle. *No*, 'twas fairly growing up to equal thine in all sincerity of Noble thoughts; But the nice Lady would not permit it to take so deep root as yours, before she blasted all my hopes, and in a moment let me see, that love is like a bitter potion, which many tast, and flying away, rather chusing their disease, then so ill a relish'd remedy; This made me return to my old *Antidotes Lonzartes*; ——— what think you of a heat or two before you go? ——— call in the Musique.

Sil. *Pandora* was to blame, to throw him off so rashly.

Lon. Let us retyre *Silvander*, this Ayre is infected.

{ *Exeunt Lonzartes and Silvander.*

Cle. *Go whine fond lover, go whine, I say, go whine,*
While we chear our hearts with Wenches and Wine,
I say go whine.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Here they Dance.

Enter Lonzartes, Lindamira, *and* *Ladies.*

Lin. I do not wonder that he is fallen off, twas what I feared, when his passion went so high, I saw *Pandora* was concern'd, but we will bring it on again.

Lon. You are mistaken Madam, all he said then was jest, for he is now as mad as ever; — I left him Incirculed with six wild men, and as many wanton Girles, prepar'd to dance and Revel all the night.

Lin. There is no harm in dancing my Lord, unless they do catch cold; you judge *Clearcus* by what is past; but when I see him with *Pandora* next, I'le give my opinion of his concern.

Lon. By what means may their meeting be procured?

Lin. We'l think on't.

Enter Theodocia, *and Ladies to them.*

The. I am sorry *Lonzartes* that *Pandora* has cast off *Clearcus*, which has occasioned his relapse, when a little patience would have setled him in the way of virtue.

Lon Tis every way what I expected not; his love was as strange as his rejection, and his relapse in the old humour, beyond all the rest; — I know

know not what to think of him.

Lin. Let us bring them once more together, and I'le undertake to gueſs at both their hearts; —— it may be govern 'um.

Lon. I Madam, but how ſhall they be brought together? when both would rather ſee a *Baſaliske*, then one another.

Lin. You may be miſtaken my Lord, who judge by what you ſee, when tis our buſineſs, and our virtue, not to ſhew our hearts till a full tryal, that men are worthy of them; —— then you forget that *Clearcus* converſion, muſt be by one he cannot conquer.

Tbe. But if he will neither conquer, nor be ſubdued, how can his converſion follow?

Lin. If your Highneſs can contrive an interview, I have a fancy in my head, that may reconcile them, and effect what we all wiſh.

Tbe. I will ſend preſently for *Pandora*, and intreat my Father to pretend ſome buſineſs to call *Clearcus* hither.

Lon. He will ſuſpect.

Lin. Let him come, no matter what he ſuſpects.

Tbe. Do you *Lonzartes*, once more ſee what humour he is in. —

—We muſt endeavour, and not fear to try,
But truſt the Event, unto their deſtiny.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Duke *with* Silvander *and* *Lords.*

Duke. I ever thought *Clearcus* did but mock, and laugh at their designs; his brains is not yet ripe for serious love: — But how does *Theodocia* look on *Lonzartes?*

Sil. With much neglect Sir.

Duke. That is not well, have you *Silvander* instructed *Lindamira*, that she may inform *Theodocia* of *Lonzartes* Title to this Dukedom? and how much better then a Forraign Prince, her Marrying him, will be applauded by our people, who are not ignorant of his pretence.

Sil I have Sir, and the Princess gives a serious ear to it, though she yet makes no reply; a little of your Councel and Authority, I believe may incline her to a better value of him.

Duke. That shall not be wanting; *Lonzartes* is all that I can wish in a successor; — and his love looks so without design, that I will cherish it, and try to win my Daughter to comply.

Sil. Your Highness will gain a double interest in all your Subjects hearts by this honour to *Lonzartes*, who has merrits proportionable to your favour, and his birth, all which his love gives Lustre to.

Duke. I see it *Silvander*, and will recompence his Faith, and his Humility, with my advice to *Theodocia*, who yet knows not his story.

Sil.

Sil. The Princeſs muſt needs hear what every body talks, and all do wiſh.

Duke. I ſhall now inform her fully of *Lonzartes* Right, too long held from him: bid him meet me at my Daughters Chamber; I will no longer hide my purpoſe for him: ——

— His Birth and Virtue, with his conſtant love,
Declares he never can unworthy prove.

[Exeunt.

THE

The Fifth Act.

{*Enter* Lonzartes} {*and* Clearcus.}

Cle. NO, I'le never see her more.

Lon. Do you not love at all?

Cle. Nor ever will; methinks love is like a smooth water, that Invites men to Bath, and tumble in it with delight, untill they be destroyed by Serpents, which in the bottom undiscover'd lye.

Lon. What means this similie?

Cle. This Serpents bite, has Metamorphized you into a whining lover, into the shaddow of a man, of late become a shape without a Soul; why must I busie my head with such *Chymera*, when I can please my self to my hearts wish, my own way? —— Prethee sweet suppress'd Prince, do not forsake me thus, for specious shewes of happiness, or vainer hopes of better dayes, then you will ever find in Court; —— You are now safe, but when you grow wise, and serious, it will in the Dukes head great jealousies create; and to let him see your virtue, may be dangerous, and your pretence appear worthy of his fear.

Lon. That hazzard is better, then what I now suffer, in the opinion of my best Friends, who believe

believe this wildneſs is my Nature, or ſuch as may beget a habit in me, which I can ne're put off; and thus my ſecurity in this diſguiſe, may become my ruine; —— I wiſh I could perſwade you *Clearcus* to ſhew forth that virtue, all the World would wonder at.

Cle. To what end I pray? if the good Duke would give me imployment fit for his Kinſ-man, and worthy of my Sword, I could ſoon be my ſelf: But now I have nothing elſe to do, and therefore play away my time in folly; and tis a hard queſtion which is beſt, for we know that too much wiſdome does undo more men, then it advances, or elſe begets eternal ſlavery to State Affairs, where the wiſeſt ever walk on needles points; —— I have weighed theſe things, and do believe 'tis better to maintain the peace, and the ſecurity I now live in, unregarded.

Lon. But you will looſe the Dukes favour, and become contemptable to the whole Court, if you continue thus Extravagant, what deſigne can I have, by my deſire to ſee you great and glorious?

Cle. Have I not tryed, and been miſled? yielded to your wiſe Maximes, againſt my own better judgement, and been rejected in the height of my Endeavours, to be (as you call it) great, and glorious, is not this true?

Lon. Yes, in part.

Cle. I will no more of your advice, till you can cure your ſelf.

Lon. I have an Honourable Argument for my love.

Cle. Who has not, untill he be diſpis'd?

Lon.

Lon. Was it not your own desire to be neglected? did you not declare against all women, that you could conquer? you left *Pandora* no way to victory, but by rejecting you; so that I can conclude a good success from what you raise dispaire.

Cle. Ha! think you *Pandora* did reject me, in compliance with my humour only?

Lon. What else? can she be angry with you, for loving her too much?

Cle. You do surprize me with a discourse I look not for; — but I will be no more abus'd; — will not see her.

Lon. How can you be reconcil'd then? shall she make love to you?

Cle. No, I abhor that thought bevond her anger, a woman Wooe, that were prepostrous.

Lon. Will you treat by Embassadours, and woe by Proxie?

Cle. Nor so, that's only fit for Princes, who cannot meet to treat.

Lon. Will you have her; if she declares she would have you?

Cle. I shall never like her change of mind.

Lon. Can you tell whether you would have her, or not?

Cle. That's a harder question, then the other.

Lon Will you have her by compulsion?

Cle. That were a Tyranny, would make her hate me ever.

Lon. Shall the Duke by his Prerogative Power, in spight of both your teeth, compel you both to compliance?

Cle.

Cle. Let me think on this alittle, at first sight, his looks likely to agree us: —— if two impossibilities can make one possible, this might do our business.

Lon. Well, what do you resolve?

Cle. Nothing, why do you tempt me to farther evils? — I know not what to resolve, nor what to say; — but will no more of love, my heart shakes at the thought of my last tryal; — I blush to think how much less then man I was, and how much more then woman I created her in those few hours I lov'd; ——

< *Enter a Messenger.* >

Messen. The Duke calls for *Lonzartes.*

Lon. I'le attend his Highness presently.

Cle. I take you for my Friend *Lonzartes*; —— do not discourse me into a Ruine, you will share in.

Lon. I have no Rule for friendship above my desire to see you happy.

Cle. I believe it sir, and beg your pardon for my distracted language; —— I must attend the Duke to.

Lon. And I.

[*Exeunt.*

{*Enter* Pandora, } *and* Lindamira. }

Pan. You tire me *Lindamira*, and chide me for a fault I cannot own; I had no other way to free myself.

Lin.

Lin. You might have check'd his approaches with somewhat less severity, your rigour may beget dispair in him.

Pan. Dispair of what? my undertaking was only on the Dukes command, to afford him civil visits, which I have done in hope of his conversion.

Lin. You did give o're, before the work was perfected.

Pan. You speak as if the design to set him free were to inslave me to the humour of a man.

Lin. The wildest young men, do often prove the sobereſt at the last; and the truth is Madam we do all desire to see you and (*Clearcus* converse one another; so to beget that unity of heart which the World seeks most.

Pan. Do you believe that I who have a prejudice against the best of men, can e're esteem the worst?

Lin. If *Clearcus* were under that notion, I should have other thoughts; but when I consider such men reclaim'd, do often make good Husbands; I have hopes of him.

Pan. If his wildness were his only fault, time and experience might reclaim him.

Lin. If these be your only Exceptions Madam, I wish you would trust me to manage this affair.

Pan. You must not talk me into an *Intrigue* which I avoid; —— I do not love him.

Lin. You will do, when you have him, I know many have done so after Marriage, who did not before.

Pan.

Pan. That is too bold a venture for me, who have no faith in men; and those Examples you mention so rarely to be found, my courage dares not undertake it; pray no more of this.

Lin. The Princess desires your company at Court this Evening.

I did intend to wait on her.

Enter Duke, Theodocia, *and* Lonzartes.

Duke. I have given you Arguments enough on his behalf, which his dejected looks you see declare; — Your favours *Theodocia* should not be restrain'd, because his adoration is so great, he dares not beg 'um; come near *Lonzartes.*

The. *Lonzarte's* Worth is understood beyond the weak Rhetorick of flattering words; he cannot wish to be more valued, then he is by me.

Lon. Nor will I ever Sue for favours beyond these you now afford me Madam; — may I confirm my hopes, by understanding what you say my own way?

The. You may, for since my Father does so much advise for Marriage, I may alter my opinion when I find just cause to value men, above my resolves against them.

Lon. For Heavens sake Madam say no more, my breast cannot contain these spreading joyes you give me, my hopes increase too fast for my dispairing heart, to comprehend these honours you allow, without an Extacy.

Duke.

Duke. Theodocia, I shall ne're revoke the free-
dom I have given, to make your own choice,
though I direct you to *Lonzartes*, to whom our
Ancestors have done wrong.

The. This your indulgence Sir makes me more
cautious how I proceed; —— Marriage is a concern
so great, I dare not at once resolve it, and the
same day chuse the man: —— I can yet only say
that I have alter'd my opinion in favour of *Lon-
zartes*.

Lon. My Amazement, and my concern are too
great to answer Madam, my felicity is above the
reach of a reply.

Duke. Theodocia, I have given you my best
councel, and my full consent to please your self.

The. I thank you Sir, and will endeavour to
Regulate my heart to your advise, and to *Lon-
zartes* wish; —— give me but time to examine and
approve what I am willing to submit to.

{*Enter* Pandora, *and* Lindamira *to them, with* Silvander.}

Duke. How is it Madam, that you quit the
field? before your undertaking be perform'd.

Pan. I have done my part Sir, which was on
your command to allow him civil visits, and to
entertain the Princess, I complyed with *Lindamira*
to try how our *Raleary* would work on him, which
did produce so unlook'd for an effect, that I was
forc'd to quit my part, to save my self.

Duke. Were you in danger to be lost then? —
I did not think *Clearcus* had prevail'd so far; but if
he be reclaim'd, he will be worthy your esteem.

Pan.

Pan. Your Highneſs did miſtake me, I was in no danger to be loſt through love, nor at all concern'd; for a man who does declare againſt all worth in women, where he can get an intereſt: pray Sir, make me underſtand what you would have me do?

Duke. We would have you marry *Clearcus.*

Pan. Whether he will or no; —— If I conſent, can you prevail with him?

Duke. Do you comply, we'l try what we can do?

Pan. I would not be Treypand into a Marriage I am ſo much averſe to, in confidence of his old humour, think my ſelf ſecure, and be ſo loſt.

Lin. You may ventute ſafely Madam, you ſee he is ſo great a Coward, that he only dares perſue them that fly him, do but charge and he will run away.

Pan. If I were ſure of that, I would ſeem any thing to be freed from farther trouble.

Lon. Truſt me Madam, he is now worſe then ever.

Duke. Lonzartes, pray uſe your intereſt to bring him to us now. [*Exit Lonzartes.*

Ibe. Do you think Couſin, we have a deſign to harm you?

Pan. No, but your Highneſs diſputes me into a condition your ſelf does not approve; pray ſhew me the way to this felicity, that I may credit what you ſay, by what you do.

Ibe. Will you then ingage to marry *Clearcus*, the ſame day I marry?

Pan. Shall I chuſe your man, as you would mine?

The. Suppose I have already chosen.

Pan. I thought your Highness had been of my opinion; But if provided, I give you joy.

The. Now you run too fast the other way, I am onely towards marriage.

Pan That journey seldome proves long Madam, when we look towards it.

Lin. That was said like a sage *Sibell*, the quintessence of truth in few words, tis but a willing mind, and then.

Pan Prethee *Lindamira* help me to be rid of this uncertain man.

Lin I know no better councel, then to be in love with him, or to seem so; for if he should take you at your word, and marry, that may do your work; for I once knew a lady, who chose to marry an importunate tutor, that she might be rid of him, and was so; for soon after marriage they parted, and never met more.

Pan. You are alwaies in jest, I would have serious councell now.

Lin You have had my store twice over to no purpose.

Duke. By all my observations, I cannot judge whether *Clearcus*, or you *Pandora*, be most extravagant.

Lin Your Highness may do well to put them into the Colledge of half mad Folks, where they will either cure one another, or become quite mad together; when their disease is known, some remedy may be found; 'tis now past judgement what either of them ayle.

The. *Lindamira* saies well, 'tis very strange you

will not declare so far, as to let us see how we may serve you.

Pan. Do but leave me to my self, and I am well Madam.

The. Many sick people are of that opinion, when in most danger, and must therefore by their friends be govern'd.

Pan. As many healthy people, think themselves sick when they are not, and by seeking remedies for nothing, do create evils, they never can finde cure for; — such high passions as *Lindamira*'s, do never let us rest in peace, but do create perpetual storms.

Lin. You argue well Madam, if a dull calme, were the onely happiness appointed us on Earth, then one degree from being asleep, would prove our greatest bliss; — sure no age did e're produce two such Icy-hearted Ladies, as the Princess & you.

Enter to them Lonzartes *and* Clearcus.

Lin. Here comes a Homely, and a Jigg hand in hand; — now for the second part to the same tune, *Of love me, and love me not.*

Duke. Clearcus, it troubles me to see you delight in a retired darkness, or else to walk in such clouds as we cannot see through; I would perswade you to regain *Pandora*'s good opinion.

Cle. Is the mistery of love to be discuss'd in publique Sir?

Duke. With us, who are so near ali'd unto you both; I think it may, because we all know what you both profess in private, and now desire to

hear, what you will face to face avow; and we intreat you *Pandora*, first to shew, why you threw off *Clearcus*.

Pan. You do amaze me Sir, to examine me as a Criminal!

Duke. You have no cause for this displeasure *Pandora*, but mis-judge our love and our respects; we know your worth, and would to the World Illustrate that virtue you design to smother by a single life; I allow your purpose did become your younger dayes, and did express an Angelical Innocense; but I question whether now, on mature judgement, you may not do better for your self, and us, to reclaim *Clearcus*.

Pan. You demand impossibilites from me, for if I should change my mind, he will change his too; Pray shew me a rule to reclaim him by, before you do condemn me.

Duke. We onely desire you will afford him the same civility, as did first induce him to adore that virtue he dispised before.

Pan. I have done this.

The. You did begin, but you gave o're too soon.

Lin. And all her kindness but in jest too Madam, which he discern'd.

Duke. How do you answer this? *Lindamira* was of your councel.

Pan. I undertook him but in jest, and was by him injoyn'd to such severity as I perform'd, and 'twas then thought the only way to vindicate our Sex, and to work his conversion, which he at first did counterfeit so well, as to deceive, and fright me from his farther visits.

Lin. Was his love so terrible?

Pan.

Pan. To me it was, who thought him uncapable of ever having Noble thoughts for any of our sex.

Duke. But when you found him growing worthy, why did you not cherish that virtue, as your own Creation.

Lin. Because she fear'd her Virgin-vow might be defil'd, by owning such a Man-child of her own begetting; for he began to aske her blessing, till she laugh'd him into so great anger, that one day he proffer'd to kill himself, which gave end unto our Comedy.

Pan. If his cure had lain within the reach of *Raleary* I had gloried in my part, but never shall consent to inslave my self unto the humours of a man, who cannot be a minute in one mind; his imaginations are beyond the Moon, and would have he knows not what.

Duke. Clearcus you have heard your charge;— Guilty or not Guilty?

Lin. Guilty Sir.

Cle I shall never want your good word Madam;— *Lindamira* tells you true Sir, I am guilty.

Duke. Of what?

Cle. Of all the crimes, that offended Lady does object; pray Sir pronounce my doom, and put me out of pain.

Duke. Will you submit then, and obey it?

Cle If it can put me out of pain, I will?

Duke. I doubt it not; — my Sentence is, that you revive that love you shew'd unto *Pandora* lately.

Cle. Oh Sir, the very name of love, puts me into a shaking fit; for Heaven sake, give me Halters, Poysons, Daggers, any means to let out life, ra-

ther then renew thoſe torments which I felt that hour I lov'd.

Lin. Pray Sir, give me leave, to put him ſome *Interogatories.*

Duke. Do ſo.

Lin. Your Lordſhip has confeſt, that you have lov'd one hour, and muſt have ſome reaſon why you lov'd no longer; ſhew us that reaſon, or for ever hold your peace, and ſubmit to judgement.

The. How *Clearcus*, nonpluſt by a Judge in Petticoates?

< Clearcus *ſtands mute.* >

Lin. Why Madam? many of our Sex have puſsled the wiſeſt men; — give him leave to think a little; — but if what I have ſaid, has ſtruck your Lordſhip dumb, hold up your finger, ——'tis

< *He holds it up* >

enough; — He has nothing to ſay for himſelf, but ſubmits unto the mercy of the Court; — I underſtand him Sir; — and have now found a remedy for both their evils; — If you will truſt me with your hand my Lord, I will not harm it: — and

< Clearcus *gives his hand.* >

if I have credit enough Madam to be truſted with your hand too, pray lay it without fear on mine, that I may try a charm I have, to conjure out the evil Spirits that poſſeſs you both; — you may at your own pleaſure, take back your hands; — only let me hold 'um, while I pronounce my charm within.

< Pandora *turns away.* > *Duke.*

Duke. Pandora I intreat you to try *Lindamira*'s charm, give her your hand, ſhe deals not with the Devil.

< Pandora *gives her hand* >

Lin. The Devil I work by Sir, is truth, dreſt in her rich robe of Innocence; — if truth do not convince both theſe Delinquents, my charm will have no power on them; — My Lord you have in this great Aſſembly, often ſaid, that you could never value any woman you could win; — if now you have found this Lady as impregnable as you can wiſh, ſhe is your fate; — hold Sir, remember

< *He proffers to ſpeak.* >

you are dumb, till I have done; — Now Madam, I muſt ſpeak ſerious ſence to you, who ſtand here the expectation, and the wiſh of all the Court; — yet I know you muſt not conſent to give your hand to him, nor in a look, or word comply, with what I ſay; for if you yield, *Clearcus* will forſake the Field; — I ſhall therefore onely put your hands together, no marriage, nor no contract make, only deſire that you will thus hand in hand retire a while with me in private, to apply my charm, who now do pray, that all the evils which ever did befall the moſt unhappy lovers, may light on him, or you, that ſhall their hand remove, before my charm does work; now come with me.

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

Duke. What the iſſue of this will be, I cannot gueſs; — Now *Theodocia*, I muſt remind you of *Lanzartes*, who dares not approach you on his own behalf, who is, what you can wiſh, to make

you happy; and I do again invite you to Crown his unparalell'd humility with a bliſs, he preſumes not once to mention, leaſt it offend you; I have alſo a State Argument you underſtand not *Theodocia*, your two intereſts in this Dukedom, thus united, will make it flouriſh; — *Lonzartes* has been wrong'd.

The. I know his wrong Sir, and have obſerv'd his ſufferings, or I had never dallied with his love: *Lonzarte*'s clear ſoul is adorn'd with more glories, then this Crown will bring him.

Duke. If then your hearts agree, give me your hands; — here *Lonzartes* is the beſt reward I have to incourage modeſty and worth, when they do in one heart combine, as now in thine.

Lon. Great Sir, I am ſo much ſurprized, ſo over-loaden with my joyes, that I have nought but bluſhes to expreſs my gratitude; — nor know how to welcome this unlook'd for honour from the Princeſs, who dains to raiſe her humbleſt Servant from her feet, to ſet me on a Throne, incirculed with more joyes, then that you now reſtore me to. [*He kiſſes her hand.*

The. Keep ſtill your Character *Lonzartes*, as I will mine, high tranſports in love are not long liv'd fear.

Lon. I ſhall be Madam, whatever you direct though this unlook'd for happineſs, do raiſe my heart above my own command, for ſuch an excess of joy, is hard to manage. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

< *Enter* Lindamira. >

Lin. I may now wiſh your Highneſs Joy hope

hope, now your Fannatick love, conforms to the Law of Nations; — Now you may talk your pleasure against high passions Madam; — and methinks you Sir, do look as if you lik'd this better then that wise Sect of ayrie lovers, whose Phylosophy doth teach not to desire, what they can never reach.

Lon. You are Madam the best Phylosopher I ever met, and do deserve to have a Golden Statue in Love's-Temple set.

Duke. But how have you disposed of your Fantastick couple? 'tis that great work must Crown all your undertakings *Lindamira*.

Lin. That goes on excellently well Sir, I have left them sitting on a Couch, with their hands still fixt, eagerly gazing on each other eyes, as if through them they could discern the inside of each others hearts; by their no motion, and their stedy looks, I can foresee they will be of one mind suddainly.

Ibe. Why could not we see this Experiment?

Lin. Oh Madam, my charm will not work in company; lovers will seemingly dispise, what they like most, onely to deceive observing eyes; I believe they held off thus long, for shame to owne what they had so publickly declar'd against, and to themselves will hardly dare to let their hearts appear these two dayes; — they must look themselves into an Argument, for no words can ever reconcile their first Principles.

If their hands, do not their hearts discover,
I'le no more pretend to charm a lover.

Ibe. May we not peep at the hanging, and stand unseen.

Duke.

Duke. Let us not turn this ſerious work into a jeſt, unleſs *Lindamira* do approve it; none ſhall ſtir that way.

Lin. I can place you ſo, as you may ſee and hear too.

The. Pray Sir be pleas'd to look on them, our Teſtimony may be of uſe.

Duke. Come then.

Lin. Your Highneſs muſt ſtand ſilent, or you'l hinder my Projection.

The. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

They all Re-enter behind the Couch, and ſtand on each ſide of the Stage; then is diſcover'd Pandora, *and* Clearcus *holding hands, and ſitting on a Couch, a while ſilent, looking on each other; then* Clearcus *proffers to kiſſe that hand he holds, ſhe puts him back with her other hand, and turns her face from him,— He ſighes:* ——

Cle. Turn not away thoſe beautious lights have guided me to Heaven, nor look as if you were in pain to ſee my heart thus charg'd from a rude Deſtraction, to an Extaſie of bliſs; from a deformed Satyr, with a confus'd *Chaos* of dark thoughts, and blacker actions, by your glorious beauties, and brighter virtues, new form'd into the Figure of a man, Emulating thoſe Excellencies I admire in you: —— Oh turn this way, and own what is your own Creation, by your perfections rais'd from what was worſe then nothing, to ſomething now, too worthy to be caſt away; I ſhould this happy hour believe my ſelf were in *Elizium*; did n t this fair, ſoft hand, and thoſe bright eyes aſſure

assure me I yet live; from whence some divine instinct teaches my rude nature to adore, what I never understood before.

Pan. I do not like to be thus long left alone, to be expos'd unto your passion, and the worlds censure; *Lindamira* has deceiv'd my trust; — I now see your plot, and her design discover, but will no longer suffer the abuse.

[*Offers to rise.*

Cle. Be not so cruel unto your self and me, think on the curse hangs over us, if we remove our hands till she return.

Pan. 'Tis too much foolery, to give faith too.

Cle. Remember we complied to what she said; by which her words are Regist'd in heaven, and have ingaged the gods by our consent.

Pan. 'Twas rashly done, and I repent; — when will this subtle Sorceress return? my innocense will justifie my blind consent, to which I was misled by my fidelity and trust, and will no longer fear to take away my hand. [*Offers to rise.*

Cle Oh take not your hand away untill the holy Charm have rectified your heart, and therein created so much charity, as in a moment may remove your scorns, and teach you love; for I, who so long slighted your neglects, and fled all civil favours from your Sex, do now tremble at the thought of parting hands, untill our hearts like them, become united.

Pan. Do you believe I *Lindamira* Mistris of such Magick? that her words have power to reconcile dissenting hearts, like ours.

Cle. Yes, I find them work on me, and hope the

same effect on you, else why sit we here obeying those commands she left? why fear we to offend those powers she did invoke? —— when you consider this, I hope you dare not stir a finger towards such impiety.

Pan. Though *Lindamira*'s virtue be approv'd, I was surprized by her inticing words, and by the Duke compell'd to do, I know not what; —— and therefore will no longer now obey.

[*Offers to rise; He holds her.*

Cle. Stay, oh stay, and let the fatal curse strike me alone; my guilts have merrited what e're can fall on me; —— Do but command me to remove my hand, and I'le obey; that you may see how much your power prevails, above my fear of *Lindamira*'s threats; If so, I may divert your harms; I will against my Nature and my Faith destroy all hopes of future bliss, to pull this ruine on my self, which else may light on you; —— Say, must it be?

[Pandora *sits silent awhile.*

Pan. If I command your hands remove, and her curse should after follow you, my unblemish'd Innocence may suffer more then all your crimes can merrit; —— I have no faith in charmes, nor cause to apprehend her curses can reach me; and yet; ——

—— My doubts and fears, my reason does dismay,
I know not what to do, nor what to say;
The Wonder is so great, I am afraid, [Aside.
Some god this Serpent, has an Angel made,
And now indow'd him with Celestial Art,
To force obedience from my stubborn heart.

Cle.

Cle. 'Tis worthy your consult, before you do destroy a body and soul; here a ready Sacrifice to set you free, for now I find that *Lindamira*'s charms does higher work.

And now again, that dazling light display,
Which did my heart inflame the other day:
Ye gods, I do implore your power to move, [Aside.
The bright Pandora, *to allow my love;*
'Twill be the same, if now Clearcus *dyes,*
By Thunder struck, or by Pandora's *eyes.*

Pan. Lindamira's virtue, and her wit, are much more powerful, then her charms; —— (which I contemn,) but you my Lord, have now by chance thrown out such words, I shake to think on; —— Your body and your Soul are now at stake you say; —— and by your looks I read, you think our fortunes and our Fates, depend on my reply; —— and so do I; —— this is then too great a work, for so few minutes to dispatch; we must look up *Clearcus*, and from above seek ayde: ——

'Tis piety, when we our hearts submit,
To undergo, what e're the gods think fit.

Cle. 'Tis so, let us hasten to the Temple then, there Celebrate: ——

[*They rise up.*

This happy issue of so strange contest,
Wrought by the gods, must by the gods be blest.

{*He Kisses her hand, three*} {*or four times in Joy.*}

Cle. Where is this powerful *Sibell* gone? whose Sacred

Sacred Charms do diſ-inchant fantaſtick hearts.

Lin. I am here Sir, with witneſs enough, to hold *Pandora* to her word.

Cle. Let me adore thy Divine virtue *Lindamira*! who hath ſhew'd ſuch skill, to raiſe dead folks to life; for we were dead in follies, and are now become true converts Sir.

Duke. This is great News, you are both welcome to your wits again, which does declare *Lindamira* a great Artiſt.

The. What ſayes *Pandora* for her ſelf?

Pan. I have both waies done too much, either to excuſe or juſtifie my ſelf; ſilence becomes me Madam.

Lin. Let the clock ſtrike twice, before we credit what they ſay, or elſe make all ſure, by I *Clearcus* take thee *Pandora*, &c.

Duke. Lindamira is my Oracle; — give me your hand *Pandora*, and yours *Clearcus*

May they moſt wretched live, and curſed dye,
Who ſhall this knot endeavour to untye.

The My prayers concur with yours Sir, and now dear Couſin, what I wiſh'd is come to paſs, that you and I might on the ſame day be Married.

Thus for our good, we ſee the Gods fulfill
What they deſigne, though much againſt our will.

Pan. Your great Example Madam, is ſufficient to lead me from all my own reſolves to follow you, and if now *Clearcus* be reclaim'd, we muſt own all our happineſs to *Lindamira*'s wit, who has conquer'd both, when neither of us could ſubdue the

the other; And now *Clearcus* I hope will seek occasions to shew the World by his own actions the Noble Stock he is Descended from.

Cle. By your permission Madam, I shall set my heart towards my Prince his, and my Countries Service; — I beg imployment Sir, on the next Gallies you send out, least idleness corrupt my busie brain.

Lin. Mark that Sir, he is already wavering; Madam take heed how you take the spirit of uncertainty, (in the habit of a man.)

Pan. You speak too late, the uncertain man, is now my certain fate.

Cle. Some diversions are necessary Madam, to look on the same objects ever, dulls and tyres the best eyes; but *Lindamira* can say nothing, I dare contradict.

Duke. You shall command in Chief *Clearcus*, to shew the world the vigour you have too long hid.

Lon. Joyes on joyes, light on *Clearcus* head.

[*They Imbrace.*

Cle. May those joyes be Multiplied on yours Sir; my Redeemer, and now become my Prince.

Duke. We must conclude this happy day *Lindamira*, by joyning *Silvanders* hand with yours, if your mirth will give us leave to be so serious?

Lin. That is a serious jest Sir, I have long look'd for.

Duke. Come near *Silvander*; — which of you two is most pleas'd now?

Both. I Sir.

Duke. Who spoke first?

Both. I Sir.

Duke.

Duke. This is a good Omen to a joyfull [illegible] may you be both as happy as ever love made [illegible]

Sil. We are happy to our wish Sir.

Lin. He speaks for himself Sir, on hopes of [illegible] then he may find.

Duke. We'l Celebrate these weddings sudda[illegible] ly, and see that *Lindamira*'s praise be in loud [illegible] *meneallS* sung through all the City, to incour[illegible] the like Virtuous, and Noble undertakings.

Lin. I thank your Highness for your good o[illegible] nion, but shall love you for this gift of my *Sil*[illegible] *der*, above all your other favours; Now *Silvan*[illegible]

Let us dwell Arme in Arme, and dayly show
Our loves increase, that all the World may know
Our hearts: Now the fair Princess does confess,
That Wedlock may afford True Happiness.

EPELOGUE.

LADIES, our Author has so great Respect
To Your Fair Sex, he fears some gross Defect
In his best Characters, may prove so short,
Of Your perfections, he needs pardon for't.
If such sad fate, do now attend his Play,
In's Cloak, thus muff'd, he will sneak away;
But You like't, he will on tip-toe go,
That all the World, may the proud Author know.

FINIS.